

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 3, 1958

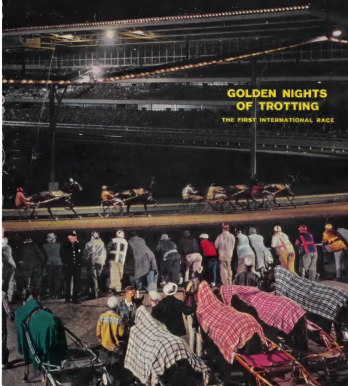
America's National Sports Weekly

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ERIN O'BRIEN, appearing in "John Paul Jones" a Warner Bros. release

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Is Volkswagen contemplating a change?

The answer is yes.

Volkswagen changes continuously throughout each year. There have been 80 changes in 1999 alone.

But none of these are changes you merely see. We do not believe in planned obsolescence. We don't change a car for the sake of change. Therefore the doughty little Volkswagens shape will still be the same.

The familiar snail nose will still be intact.

Yet, good as our car is, we are constantly finding ways to make it better. For instance, we have put permanent magnets in the drain plugs. This will keep the oil free of tiny metal particles, since the metal adheres to the magnets.

Our shift, we are told, is the best in the world. But we found a way to make it even

smoother. We riveted special steel springs into our clutch plate lining.

The Volkswagen has changed completely over the past eleven years, but not its heart or face.



VW owners keep their cars year after year, secure in the knowledge that their used VW is worth almost as much as a new one.

Cover: Danforth Hareway ▶

This brilliantly lit oval of Danforth Hareway will be the setting for trotting's first International championships, for a \$20,000 purse. Danforth Hareway's preview is on page 12.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ The artistry of Nellie Fox and Luis Aparicio may at last bring the pendant to the Chicago White Sox. Other famous double-play men have done so much in the past.

▶ Polo is having an amazing resurgence, and the camera of Marvin E. Newman records in color some of the finest of the modern players in action at Oak Brook near Chicago.

▶ What goes on inside the head of a college football star? Lee Grosscup, famous Utah punter now with the New York Giants, gives his answer in letters written to a friend.

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

(circa 1959)



The first city is London. The second is not Paris—but New York. The tale concerns a group of men who have successfully continued a time-honored distilling tradition...to bring you authentic London Dry quality in the Gordon's Gin you buy. You'll find these men at the Gordon's distillery, where the world's finest Gin is produced according to the exacting specifications of a secret formula dating back to 1769. Enjoy Gordon's subtle dryness and delicacy of flavor in all tall, cool Gin drinks. Remember, too, the Gin that made the Martini famous...still makes it best!



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MEMO from the publisher

TWO worthy ambitions our youth traditionally enjoy are to write the Great American Novel and to sparkle on the playing field. But it's less than traditional, I suspect, for an individual to sustain both at the same time. It can happen, as Murray Olderman, sports cartoonist and columnist for the NEA syndicate, discovered. Late in 1957 at a party honoring that year's All-American he found himself talking with a skinny-necked guest in horn-rim glasses.

"You like New York?" Olderman asked perfunctorily.

"Well, it is something," came the routinely polite answer, "to look out the hotel window in the morning and see Brooklyn across the river."

This was 29-year-old Lee Grosscup. In his brief career he had already left the University of Washington because of its recruiting mess, returned home to Santa Monica City College and broken his leg in midseason. Then he liked off to Utah where in his first season of varsity competition he rose from unknown to All-American to lead the nation with a passing record good for 1,398 yards.

"But," Grosscup went on above the party's athletic bubble, "what I really want to do is write."

Olderman said he'd like to see what Grosscup wrote. Shortly, when Grosscup returned to Utah, there began a correspondence which has flourished to the present.

Next week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will publish the Grosscup letters. With the personal-quality letters have they bring a fresh, frank insight into the



LEE GROSSCUP

mind and life of a young man when he is both undergraduate and football star. Thus they have a timeless character, describing careen over coaches, curriculum, self-consciousness and the future which are more common to twilight college players than we would ordinarily guess. But they are also timely. For right now Grosscup is practicing for the August 14 game in Chicago. He'll be a quarterback for the College All-Stars against the Baltimore Colts. After that he joins Cicerly, Gifford, Rote and Co. at the training camp of the New York Giants, whose No. 1 choice he was in last December's preliminary draft. Grosscup's first and foremost ambition looks obvious.

Next week, however, his opening letter begins, "I guess I didn't tell you I was planning to write a novel."

Although Quarterback Grosscup hasn't written it yet, those who read his letters won't mind waiting. It may be hard for future fiction to improve on present fact.

Arthur Murphy

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Who's the woman behind the Schweppesman?

HOVERING BEHIND her master's chair you see Adinah Whitehead, known to 500 close friends as "Tammie." Blissful wife to Edward Whitehead, mixer from the House of Schweppes in London.

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see more news: "Only a few cents difference in price . . . but a priceless difference in taste!"

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Quaffmanship

A brief, historical guide
to the joys of
quaffing Carlsberg Beer

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: How do you feel about big league teams signing up college baseball players before they graduate?



FRANK LANE
General Manager
Cleveland Indians

A boy goes to college to equip himself for a specific career. If he is offered a large bonus to become a major league player, he'd better grab it. One boy was offered \$75,000 but was persuaded to pass it up for football. Later he was hurt and unfit for baseball. Will his coach compensate him?



HERBERT GORNICOTT
President
NCAA

Why can't baseball have the same agreement with the colleges as the pro football people do, drafting players on graduation, the last teams having first choice? The boys could complete their education that way and have a better opportunity in life should they not become big leaguers.



FRANK SANEET
Baseball coach
University of Arizona

If they must sign a star, why not let him finish the season, anyway, rather than ruin a college team? Gene Lock had only a year to graduate when they took him from us for a \$30,000 bonus. If colleges played enough games, I'd be opposed to players signing until graduation.



JACK BARRY
Baseball coach
Holy Cross

I don't like it. The boys should get their diplomas. It's a big question whether or not they will make good in baseball. Four of my players have signed bonus contracts. They are seniors and are allowed to stay and graduate, but they're ineligible to play college ball.



GEORGE WEISS
General Manager
New York Yankees

Each case should be considered by itself. A college player should not sign unless it is his definite aim to be a major league player and it is plain that he can make the grade in a couple of years. By starting early he takes a year or two. Otherwise, I would rather see the boy graduate first.



ROBIN ROBERTS
Pitcher
Philadelphia Phillies

A large bonus is particularly enticing to a boy with a year or more to go in college. However, he would be better off to finish school first. I signed my baseball contract in September of my last year. Athletes doing the same thing would be wiser, apt to finish school before playing baseball.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100%

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"The New Frontier" plans: good young Americans still haven't broken home. As a result, some still find it difficult to get along with their parents. And, as a result, some still find it difficult to get along with their parents. And, as a result, some still find it difficult to get along with their parents.

[illegible]

Elmer McDonald, the moon one, served as catcher. And that's all. The team certainly couldn't cover their, and the rest of the pitchers gave up too many. The clincher, and Kins' biggest downer, came when the pitcher, who couldn't hold onto a line-drive home, let the home run slip on the play of tough old Willie Jones at third base. Before he had caught over 400 games, the Black removed him from the Indians a few weeks ago and made him a regular. The **Philadelphians** play **Phillies** because they thought the word meant it was they were four straight and 19 of their last 14. The pitcher rotation

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Roberts, Conley, Owens, Cardwell and Seaprosch is suddenly a tough one. The hitting too has improved, Richie Leflore, celebrating the arrival of a hot in his pants after four straight girls, had a pair of four-hit games, batted .496 for the week.

Keywords: IF 55-61, LN 55-66, W40 55-63, CS-45-60, IF 55-61, LN 55-66, W40 55-63, CS-45-60

Figure 1

[illegible]

rebel.²¹ The threefold rebellion got good hitting and glowing, also with fire in a box and pushed down of the White Star Atlantician, named just 200,000 tons four years ago below 400,000, and the town threatened to leave home much to the disgust of IWM Pond, home. It estimates a nickel-and-dime town here on an I.

The *Habermas* comes didn't get their usual night-piercing stars or the hatching was over some times about the town, dropped in a row. Chance tookle White Turret stopped hitting (so Jack's down to 200), and his folding in center was sloppy. Only ancient Gene Woodline kept rolling, so Jack's



ARMED & DANGEROUS (and I can get a lot out of Ray Marston and handling of Wayne Maize, Harbert was too, Maize hit #78)

in 1897. The New York Yankees may not be the best, but they're a team that's got the numbers. Indeed, in 1901, I guess like this, the Yankees made 100 million, the most the opposition to the 100 million. With Kahn and McDonald, my Coney had been running a business. So when he got to play on his last and broke his wife, he'll be out of the business. The Yankees are in serious trouble. The Detroit Tigers finally engaged out of it and won four straight, five out of six. There were runs, strikes, and out of the game.

The Kansas City Athletics ran their win streak to seven games off and on their last 11. Although the A's in last place just two weeks ago, were moving in on the first-place St. Louis Cardinals, manager Dave Wottle took over at third base and hit four home runs in one game night. Jack O'Leary was knocking runs in more games. Best of all, the pitching was solid. Clayton Kershaw, Duke, Ray Robertson, Karl Thomas and Johnny Karpis all threw knock-out complete games. The Washington Senators did a complete rebuilding. No more left, mostly pitched. It was just like the old days, only a few years ago. The team gave up 37 runs in eight games and scored just 10. No kidding, to say, they lost all eight. The *Insider* first two articles were last week's features. Their pitching wasn't too bad, for a change, but the offense couldn't hit one run. Manager Jurgens established a routine at first, then the team has been disciplined in games but that didn't help matters. "No sacrifice bunts," is a slogan of "The Kansas City" sports. The stadium is...

Standings: Clwyd 68-79; Cus 64-60; Gwyn 68-69; PPR
46-47; Llanidloes 42; AOC 40-41; Aberystwyth 39.

RETURN OF THE PRISONER

A. 2000-2001 Season		B. 2001-2002 Season	
1. Team	Marquette (C) 11	1. Team	Marquette (C) 11
2. Coach	Marquette (C) 11	2. Coach	Marquette (C) 11
3. Player	Marquette (C) 11	3. Player	Marquette (C) 11
4. Manager	Marquette (C) 11	4. Manager	Marquette (C) 11
5. Referee	Marquette (C) 11	5. Referee	Marquette (C) 11
6. Score	Marquette (C) 11	6. Score	Marquette (C) 11
7. Time	Marquette (C) 11	7. Time	Marquette (C) 11
8. Location	Marquette (C) 11	8. Location	Marquette (C) 11
9. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11	9. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11
10. Notes	Marquette (C) 11	10. Notes	Marquette (C) 11
11. Comments	Marquette (C) 11	11. Comments	Marquette (C) 11
12. Summary	Marquette (C) 11	12. Summary	Marquette (C) 11
13. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11	13. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11
14. Final	Marquette (C) 11	14. Final	Marquette (C) 11
15. Game	Marquette (C) 11	15. Game	Marquette (C) 11
16. Score	Marquette (C) 11	16. Score	Marquette (C) 11
17. Time	Marquette (C) 11	17. Time	Marquette (C) 11
18. Location	Marquette (C) 11	18. Location	Marquette (C) 11
19. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11	19. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11
20. Notes	Marquette (C) 11	20. Notes	Marquette (C) 11
21. Comments	Marquette (C) 11	21. Comments	Marquette (C) 11
22. Summary	Marquette (C) 11	22. Summary	Marquette (C) 11
23. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11	23. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11
24. Final	Marquette (C) 11	24. Final	Marquette (C) 11
25. Game	Marquette (C) 11	25. Game	Marquette (C) 11
26. Score	Marquette (C) 11	26. Score	Marquette (C) 11
27. Time	Marquette (C) 11	27. Time	Marquette (C) 11
28. Location	Marquette (C) 11	28. Location	Marquette (C) 11
29. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11	29. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11
30. Notes	Marquette (C) 11	30. Notes	Marquette (C) 11
31. Comments	Marquette (C) 11	31. Comments	Marquette (C) 11
32. Summary	Marquette (C) 11	32. Summary	Marquette (C) 11
33. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11	33. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11
34. Final	Marquette (C) 11	34. Final	Marquette (C) 11
35. Game	Marquette (C) 11	35. Game	Marquette (C) 11
36. Score	Marquette (C) 11	36. Score	Marquette (C) 11
37. Time	Marquette (C) 11	37. Time	Marquette (C) 11
38. Location	Marquette (C) 11	38. Location	Marquette (C) 11
39. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11	39. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11
40. Notes	Marquette (C) 11	40. Notes	Marquette (C) 11
41. Comments	Marquette (C) 11	41. Comments	Marquette (C) 11
42. Summary	Marquette (C) 11	42. Summary	Marquette (C) 11
43. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11	43. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11
44. Final	Marquette (C) 11	44. Final	Marquette (C) 11
45. Game	Marquette (C) 11	45. Game	Marquette (C) 11
46. Score	Marquette (C) 11	46. Score	Marquette (C) 11
47. Time	Marquette (C) 11	47. Time	Marquette (C) 11
48. Location	Marquette (C) 11	48. Location	Marquette (C) 11
49. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11	49. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11
50. Notes	Marquette (C) 11	50. Notes	Marquette (C) 11
51. Comments	Marquette (C) 11	51. Comments	Marquette (C) 11
52. Summary	Marquette (C) 11	52. Summary	Marquette (C) 11
53. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11	53. Conclusion	Marquette (C) 11
54. Final	Marquette (C) 11	54. Final	Marquette (C) 11
55. Game	Marquette (C) 11	55. Game	Marquette (C) 11
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57. Time	Marquette (C) 11	57. Time	Marquette (C) 11
58. Location	Marquette (C) 11	58. Location	Marquette (C) 11
59. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11	59. Attendance	Marquette (C) 11
60. Notes	Marquette (C) 11	60. Notes	Marquette (C) 11
61. Comments	Marquette (C) 11	61. Comments	Marquette (C) 11
62. Summary	Marquette (C) 11	62. Summary	Marquette (C) 11
63. Conclusion </			

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Ingredient	Amount	Ingredient	Amount	Ingredient	Amount
Oil	100	Oil	100	Oil	100
Water	100	Water	100	Water	100
Salt	100	Salt	100	Salt	100
Sugar	100	Sugar	100	Sugar	100
Spice	100	Spice	100	Spice	100
Herb	100	Herb	100	Herb	100
Flavor	100	Flavor	100	Flavor	100
Essence	100	Essence	100	Essence	100
Resin	100	Resin	100	Resin	100
Wax	100	Wax	100	Wax	100
Glue	100	Glue	100	Glue	100
Paint	100	Paint	100	Paint	100
Stain	100	Stain	100	Stain	100
Sealant	100	Sealant	100	Sealant	100
Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100
Coating	100	Coating	100	Coating	100
Finish	100	Finish	100	Finish	100
Polish	100	Polish	100	Polish	100
Wax	100	Wax	100	Wax	100
Sealant	100	Sealant	100	Sealant	100
Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100
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Coating	100	Coating	100	Coating	100
Finish	100	Finish	100	Finish	100
Polish	100	Polish	100	Polish	100
Wax	100	Wax	100	Wax	100
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Coating	100	Coating	100	Coating	100
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Coating	100	Coating	100	Coating	100
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Polish	100	Polish	100	Polish	100
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Sealant	100	Sealant	100	Sealant	100
Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100
Coating	100	Coating	100	Coating	100
Finish	100	Finish	100	Finish	100
Polish	100	Polish	100	Polish	100
Wax	100	Wax	100	Wax	100
Sealant	100	Sealant	100	Sealant	100
Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100	Adhesive	100

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COMING EVENTS

July 11 to August 1
2010-2011

■ *Chlorophyll* ■ *Chlorophyll* ■ *Chlorophyll*

Friday, July 31

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◎ 荷蘭語 (荷蘭文)
 1. *De Nieuwe Amsterdamse Handelsmaatschappij* (1795)
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 3. *De Nieuwe Amsterdamse Handelsmaatschappij* (1795)
 4. *De Nieuwe Amsterdamse Handelsmaatschappij* (1795)
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Journal of Management Inquiry 22(1)

0-8769-0000-0

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11. *Pharmacokinetics and Pharmacodynamics*, 2000 p.m. * Molecular and Cellular Pharmacology

11. <http://www.ams.org>, 4 pages of 5

- RECEIVED:**
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- RECEIVED:**
- Noted in Washington, D.C., 7:00 p.m. (New York).**
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^a χ^2 = 11.02, df = 1, p = .002.

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Cost:
1 cubic yard, \$125.00. Standard Chicago
Dept. 7.
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abouts \$100.00.

¹ *Journal of Management Education* 25(1): 10-11.



"I just had to call you first thing to tell you how much fun we had!"

LEARNING DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

References

Cincinnati to Indianapolis	40¢
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These are the longest-to-shortest times for the last three months, after 8 p.m. and all day Sunday. And the 100% national average too.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Field No. Number: 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman standing together. The man, on the left, is wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The woman, on the right, is wearing a short-sleeved, patterned dress. She is also smiling and holding a small, light-colored cat with dark ears and paws. The background is slightly out of focus, showing what appears to be a building or structure.

By JEREMIAH TAX

ONE MAN looked upon the trotting horse with a wild surmise: a gambler's dream, an end to the gambling, a chance to make money. This was George Levy, a smallish, portly type, who was a highly successful gambler in Lake Success, N.Y. He was the first to see that the horse could be used as a gambling device. He was the first to see that the horse could be used as a gambling device. He was the first to see that the horse could be used as a gambling device.

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George Levy and his band of pianists at *Essex* in *Harlem*, come offstage and stand behind the keyboard, casting from the mobile sterling guitar, and some other instruments, their music as a new, spontaneous development. This Saturday, at their thoughtful collaboration, in concert, Westbury, N.Y., will present the latest of their innovations, the first International Chambergroup. They combine, for some traditions from France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Canada and the U.S. in a fluid and adult best of varied sources.

SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE, THE ARTS AND CRAFTS, 1908, THE U.S. NATIONAL MUSEUM, 1908

FOR TROTTING

for a purse of \$50,000. The highly attractive event is final proof that trotting, already firmly established in the front rank of sport in this country, has come of age on the international level.

The road from county fair to the International has been paved with gold for trotting people generally, but it has been far from smooth on many occasions. In the early 1960s, for example, it became apparent that the

opportunity for quick profits inherent in the sport's explosive growth had attracted a number of less-than-respectable characters as track stockholders. A horde of hungry politicians was eager to slorp up the spoils, in privilege, at the newest available trough. The resulting scandals—in New York, Illinois and several way stations between—forced some house cleaning and corrective legislation on the state level, though it is still true

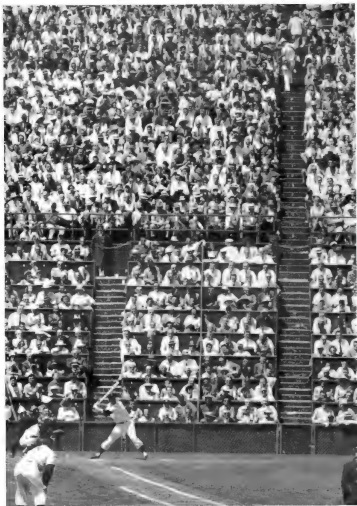
that in a few scattered areas there are tracks whose official families would have trouble passing an FBI saliva test.

All along, too, there has been a running, undercover war between the traditional custodians of harness racing's rules of conduct, the U.S. Trotting Association, and the powerful new pari-mutuel tracks. The issue, simply, has been: who is going to

continued on page 37

FRANCIS' STANDARD-BREDER JAHN HAS GOOD APPETITE FOR NICHOLSON, FED TO HIM HERE BY "TRAINER-DRIVER" LEAH HALL.





A FINE ROMANCE WITH SOME HISSES

As in the boy-meets-girl stories, San Francisco and the Giants want to like each other yet always seem to be bickering. Perhaps a National League flag will provide a happy ending

by ROBERT BOYLE

ATTEMPTING a half-hour press conference (disappointed) to San Francisco, and last week, with the team fresh from a winning road trip and leading the National League by two and a half games, the city was as excited as ever over its baseball. Not that San Francisco gets excited in any ordinary way. As every tourist knows, San Francisco is a sophisticated town, and the people tend to look upon baseball as a sophisticated fashion. Oh, they talk about the Giants all right, and with great enthusiasm, but their commitment so far is more intellectual than emotional. San Francisco is not Milwaukee, where the fans act like ophians at a circus hearth, and neither is it New York or Brooklyn. No juveniles hang painted bed sheets from the bleachers exhorting their heroes onward, and no crazy dame rallies around the stands clanging a cashbell.

Instead of being unified, the crowd at Seals Stadium is well mannered and very, surprisingly so for a ball park. Any number of young marauders have bought season tickets; there is a liberal sprinkling of society folk ("Tonya Lapham, daughter of the Roger Laphams of the now nearly bankrupt Lapham Co. is in a nearby box with Debrahante Goral-

den Christensen, daughter of Accorstone de Bonchamps, and with Peter Stent and Ivy Richardson," noted Hanesse Barnett, society wife of the News, recently in a story headlined "SOCIETY LIVES RIGHT OUT"); and stockbroker types are able to leave Montgomery Street in time for the afternoon games since the New York markets close down at noon, local time. "The most interesting fine a group of people at a ball game," says Lefty O'Doul, the clubhouse, two-time National League batting champion and former manager of the San Francisco Seals. "The upper strata of the town is at the game. Half of those spectators come, and they're dressed to kill. I saw a woman there the other day I thought was Mrs. Astor."

Seals Stadium itself has a sort of striking effect on public opinion. Since it rarely rains, only one post-ponement since the Giants came, there is no roof and hence no play-back of crowd noise. Since there is no roof, there are no gasping puffs, and in place of seating where holding out their hands for a tip while their children look on, there are strolling ashtrays who react on the grounds that the only need is soothie fighting halls.

There are perhaps other reasons why enthusiasm doesn't run unchecked. San Francisco is a small city, and the players are not treated

with the awe that comes with removal from everyday life. One seen Felipe Alou here, Orlando Cepeda there. The players are, in short, like glad. Moreover, a few resented leaving New York with all its amenities: press conferences and television shots, and on occasion the resentment will out. Johnny Antonelli, for example, has gone into a shell here, and his relations with the press are terrible. Last year he loudly announced that he wouldn't talk to San Francisco writers, only New York writers. Then Willie Mays, who has been a disappointment. He's perfectly willing to sign autographs or visit a sick child in a hospital, as he did one day last week, but he is simply not susceptible to a New York, where he had the vast touches of the Polo Grounds center field on which to display his magnificent arm. In present times, hitting under stress, and under this stress is his driving in the winning run in only four games. He is good, but he is not great, and he is starting to pay the price with a bad knee. The smallest crowd often asked of a visiting New Yorker is, "What was Mays like in the Polo Grounds?" Was he going around as they said he was?

Into this milieu come the Giants and Seals. They carry a Program menu around with them, and against second-place Los Angeles. Although their games are frequently crowded at 25,000 plus, tonight's was jammed until the last minute. The Giants and Dodgers are not the rivals they were back East. San Francisco and Los Angeles are almost 400 miles apart, and the rivalry can't feed on barroom arguments the way it did in

(continued)

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY A. LORENZ
Giants' mascot cheering Seals Stadium, a tense crowd watches Giants' Danny Hunter bat against Los Angeles' Davey

New York and Brooklyn, Hudson, is through Coast League, San Francisco's Inland was Oakland, and Los Angeles was Hollywood. If the Giants don't win the pennant, the indignity of San Franciscoers would rather see the Dodgers win from Milwaukee. "They could all go right down there and see the World Series," says O'Don. "They're no Cardinals."

The games against the Dodgers were tight pitching duels, but, alas, the Giants lost both in the ninth. It was the first game when, presiding Table A of the week, Antonelli gave up a hard-hit towering homer to Gil Hodges in the first inning, then pitched brilliantly until Charlie Neal broke up a 2-2 tie with a high fly ball that the wind helped judge over the left field fence. The fans took the defeat calmly enough, but Antonelli didn't. "Put it in the papers that this is a blanking ball park," he blurted to the clubhouse. "You ask me what kind of a pitch I threw to Neal, and I say what difference does it make? I got beat by two lousy fly balls. A pitcher should be paid double for working here. Worst ball park in America. Every time you stand up there, you can get hit by the ball and a 30-mph wind." Daryl Spencer, another ex-Pee Wee player, complained about the infield: "The slowest in the world", but the papers aimed their fire at Antonelli. A *Times* editorial let him have it between the eyes: "His reputation and the local scene has not needed from the press to the prevailing superstition; he has, in fact, requested the local press to print his unfavorable opinion of the clubhouse grounds that it may be made known to Mr. Storchman [the owner]. . . . It is probably irrelevant to observing Mr. Antonelli, who works six or seven hours a week, six months in the year, already draws a base pay equal to that of a governor of this place that is not even within my goal patches. It is outrageous, indeed, to note that Mr. Antonelli, in celebrating his defeat to 'two lousy fly balls' that became home runs by riding the wind, presently enjoying an enviable reputation in organized baseball for throwing the home run pitch, or gopher ball. He has been doing it for years, and in all ball parks on the circuit. . . . While as it, we would also like to present our own view that San Francisco fans, who have been

continued on page 17



ABOUT TO HIT THE SCREEN, GARDNER (SECOND FROM LEFT) MAKES A LONG CATCH ON A FULL POP



SHAKING WIND, OPERATING DOUBLE PLAY, CLATS TO AVOID GIANTS' DARTS, SPENCER

NOW IN THE FOLD, SPEEDY BASEMAN SPENCER RACE ALONG DOUGER WALLY MOON



THE CLIFFHANGER REPLAYED IN LOS ANGELES

by JAMES MURRAY

PERMANENT fever! Los Angeles style, seems, at first glance, to be an anomaly. There is no snake dancing on the freeways, no free champagne being broken out at Romanoff's, and Hungarian directors have not yet hysterically scheduled the imminent shooting of a musical titled *The Year the Dodgers Were the Permanent*, starring Zsa Zsa Gabor as a lady manager.

Even at the ball park permanent fever manifests itself in attendance running 71,000 below last year's total, in fans leaving a 5-0 game at the top of the eighth with the home team ahead and shaking angry fists at the official scorer because he failed to award a no-hit game to the other team's pitcher. A visitor might be pardoned for demanding: "What is this—Philadelphia?"

In spite of all this, the Dodgers are close to first place, and Los Angeles, in its own way and by its own lights, was last week in the grip of what the tabloids love to call "permanent fever." On a rocket test stand in the mountains north of the city, project engineers spent almost as much time huddled around their transistor radios as around the instrument panels of their static thrust engines, and mingled with the patrons of the space age was the good old standby, "What's the score now, Buddy?" From the posh and powdered palaces of high finance on Spring Street, all the way to Beverly Hills, the sports ticker was running neck and neck with the Dow-Jones. In the street and around the backyard barbecues the conversational gambit always started, "Do you think the Dodgers can do it?" The Dodgers, Los Angeles version, were in the rarefied atmosphere of the first division, and the populace didn't know whether to brag or demand a salute test.

Most importantly, the fever has infected the ball club itself. "There's not a man on this team doesn't think we can win the permanent now," proclaimed the Dodgers' own "Big D," the pitcher Don Drysdale, as he waved his long right arm triumphantly aloft in the dressing room for an application of hot compresses. "We're not thinking about it," noted the lean, graceful second baseman, Charlie Neal, who then corrected himself, "Of course, we're not not thinking about it, either." Off in a corner, the canny coach, Charley Dressen, brought the quiet science of baseball to bear on the picture: "You take Milwaukee," he suggested. "They got a one-game edge in the lost column as of tonight. But they got eight more games to play on account of they had postponements. Now, they got to win all eight to pass us if the season ends tomorrow. In that a good position for them to be in? In the last 30 games they pitch Spahn and Burdette in 37 of them. They got lots of double-headers coming up where they can't pitch Spahn and Burdette in as many games because there'll be two a day."

Even the manager, Walt Alton, whom a newspaperman once referred to as "the world's champion listener," was moved to comment on the possibility of a World Series in the Coliseum. "We got just as good a chance as anybody if I can just get some hits."

There are a few big reasons why this could be so. First and foremost is Don Drysdale. His won-loss rec-

ord, which was 4-10 about this time last year, is 11-6 now, and that is only part of the story. Drysdale's mere presence in the lineup is enough to turn rival batters' lips white. "Getting to bat against Drysdale," groaned the Pirates' Dick Groat, "is like getting an appointment with the dentist." Drysdale is particularly terrifying at night in the Coliseum, when the light level makes batting against his side-arm fast ball about as a par with playing Russian roulette. But Drysdale requires four full days' rest between starts. Manager Alton gives it to him, but he also calls upon Don for relief stints in between, an overexertion which could be an bad psychologically for the team as it is physically for Drysdale.

The Dodger relief corps, historically formidable, has now degenerated into what one sports writer called the "mid-game batting practice crew," thus compounding the lead on Drysdale. Johnny Podres came up with his annual midyear backache which nothing but the month of August seems to cure; and Sandy Kousser, after whiffing 14 in one game, took on a shoulder twinge which has scared the entire Dodger organization.

Probably the most important change in the 1959 Dodgers was that they finally came upon a first baseman and a third baseman. They were there all the time in Gil Hodges and Jim Gilliam, respectively, but they came to Los Angeles effectively disguised. Hodges, the tiger of Ebbets Field, became the pumkin of the Coliseum, batting .258, hitting only 22 home runs with the shortest left field in the history of baseball and driving in only 44 runs last year. This year he has already hit 18 home runs, is batting .293 and has driven in 41 runs. For Los Angeles it is like finding that raggedy old relative you took in as suddenly turned out to be filthy rich and generous. Jim Gilliam batted only .245 last year. This year he is batting .318. Even if he doesn't stay there, he has already done more good in 1959 than he did all last year.

The Dodgers may yet lay an egg. But for Los Angeles, therein lies their charm. The eighth chapter at the Coliseum has all the awful suspense of the old Pearl White serials. When Gil Hodges slid sickeningly into second base one night last week to the sound of a crunching ankle, the spectators reacted with the white-faced dismay of kids watching Tom Mix (or Marshal Dillon) get lassoed by the bad guys for the first time. The most ear-splitting cheer of the season greeted the public address announcer John Ramsey's later report that no fracture was involved.

The Dodgers may get their fingers stomped as they cling to the edge of the precipice, get tied to the railroad track or get swept toward the buzz saw. Yet more and more people in the City of the Angels are coming to believe that virtue will triumph and the fabled will see the Dodgers riding off into the sunset with the permanent flying in the wind machine behind them. Milwaukee, you see, is through. Dressen proved that. Pittsburgh? Come now. The trusty old friend never gets the girl, does he? The Giants? The newboy on Hollywood Boulevard sees through them: "Take away Willie Mays and whaddya got? I'll tell ya: the San Francisco Sna, that's what."



DRUM PATROL, AND TRAINER MATHET LEADS HIS STRING THROUGH BEAUTIFUL CHANTLEY FOREST IN HIGH WOODS, HERE

TWO LINES OF GUY CONTROL, THE HORSEWOMAN STROLLING WITH MATHET AND JOSEY, THE NEGATIVE WHO IS MOST DEGRADABLE



SPECTACLE

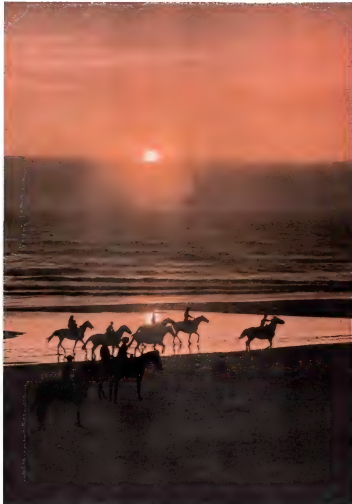
Photographed by John G. Zimmerman

Glistening Sands of Oregon

The wild beauty of the coastline first seen by Lewis and Clark still lives today as a spectacular playground

ALONG the Pacific Coast one afternoon, the sun settled slowly behind the fog bank which seemed always to hang at the edge of the Great Western Sea. The salt mist turned to a curtain of gold, melting into the waves and then spreading in ragged pools across the tidal flats. Farther down the shore, gray-green boulders lay in enormous disarray; and just a few yards inland, darkening as the sun dipped lower, fresh-water ponds rippled behind the barrier dunes. Two Americans, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, saw that sunset—the first overland travelers from the newly born United States to see the wild stretch of Pacific shore which is now the coast of Oregon. Today, 154 years later, the Oregon coast appears almost exactly as it did to the first explorers. Among the headlands sea lions still make their rockeries, and the broad beaches are free of wretched little hot-dog stands and pinball alleys flashing neon. For almost all of the 300-mile coast from Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River down to the town of Brookings on the California border is by law a public highway. This public highway, however, is not for commercial traffic. Instead, as the pictures on these pages show, it is for the public use and private pleasure of anyone who wants to ride the beach, play in the fresh-water pools or just walk among the great rocks, seeing and perhaps feeling the same things as did the pioneers when they first came here a century and a half ago.

The evening sun creates a golden backdrop for a party of horsemen on the beach near Delake, Ore.





Strolling among massive dark rocks on the beach

*at southern Oregon, a party of picnickers searches the sand over
the town of Bendon for traces of buried opals and jasper*





Oregma parvifrons perfol. scutiger. hirsute. boots.

through sup-structural waters of South Lake

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Brundage Reconsiders

SINCE he is also a well-known collector of Oriental art and a student of things Asiatic, it was perhaps only logical for the International Olympic Committee's chairman, Avery Brundage, to behave in an inscrutable manner amid the storm of criticism that followed the now-famous May 28 meeting of the IOC in Munich. It was then, you will recall, that the IOC passed a resolution advising the (Nationalist) Chinese Olympic Committee that it could "no longer be recognized under that name since it does not administer sport in China." What brought down the thunder and lightning was the implication, with all of its overtones in world politics, that only the Chinese Communists have a right to the name China.

In the weeks thereafter, the IOC chairman seemed to support this viewpoint. In interviews in Switzerland in mid-June Brundage was taking the line that "all we ask is that the Nationalists change their name. . . . The word China has got to go." Let them call themselves Formosa, or Taiwan, or something.

Last week, after more than a month of reflection and more than a month of stiff criticism, Avery Brundage modified his stand. He announced that he would support Nationalist China's bid for readmission under the nomenclature offered by the Nationalists themselves: "The Olympic Committee of the Republic of China."

Brundage's decision has still to be ratified by the IOC itself (its next scheduled meeting is in February), but it should satisfy most of Brundage's free-world critics, who have included the U.S. Olympic Committee, the Congress and President Eisenhower. The principle that Brundage is now ready to espouse seems to us close to the one expressed in this magazine on June 15: "Brundage and his IOC fellows can and should say to both Chiang Kai-shek and

Mao Tse-tung, 'Gentlemen, your athletes, by whatever name you choose to call them, are welcome in our games, provided they conduct themselves as sportsmen.'"

A Matter of CO₂

WHEN three runners collapsed at Philadelphia in the 10,000-meter run last week, they were suffering from 1) cerebral anoxia and 2) metabolic imbalance. The first is insuffi-

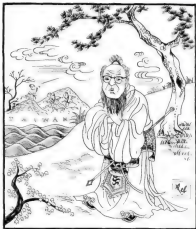
ciency of oxygen in blood reaching the brain, the second a disturbance in the delicate balance of ion chemicals in the body fluids. Oddly enough, the worst treatment they could have been given would have been the administration of pure oxygen.

"The trigger that keeps your lungs working usually is carbon dioxide, CO₂," Dr. Paul Schenke of the University of Pennsylvania explained.

"These boys, running the 10,000

Continued

EVERY BRUNDAGE NOW AGREES THAT THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA CAN CALL ITSELF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA IN THE OLYMPICS. —News Item



"As Confucius says, 'A man who has committed a mistake and doesn't correct it is committing another mistake.'"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

runners, like, out so much O₂, that their breathing was triggered instead by simple oxygen hunger. But had pure oxygen been supplied immediately after their collapse, and before their O₂ had been expended, they might have simply kept breathing." The metabolic imbalance came about through the excessive loss of liquid during the race. Max Trues, a finely trained athlete with no excess body weight, dropped from 182 to 125 during the race. The two Americans had their liquid loss replenished by intravenous injections of a glucose-and-salt solution by Sunday morning after the Saturday afternoon race, both were perfectly healthy and looking forward to the 10,000-meter run at the Pan-American Games.

"They would doubtless have recovered completely in any case," Dr. Schmidt said. "They are young, healthy men in perfect condition. Bob Soth's blood pressure when he finished the race was somewhere beyond the limits of the gauge. His pulse was 176 a minute. But his arteries are elastic, and they can take that kind of strain with no damage. The same thing is true of Trues and of Hubert Pyramakiel, the Russian."

The cerebral anoxia happened because, as the runners used up their O₂, the heart pumped faster and faster, rushing blood through the lungs to pick up oxygen. But the blood, at its accelerated pace, could not assimilate enough oxygen from the lungs, so that the heart pumped faster to up the supply of oxygen, which then became less because of the speed of transit through the lungs. Eventually the oxygen supply to the brain became so small that the athletes began to lose consciousness, with the first faculty to suffer being the sense of balance. That's why Soth and Pyramakiel began to run leaning backward. The courage they showed in continuing to run was, in reality, the repetition of a pattern of orders from the brain which continued after the athletes had lost conscious control of their bodies.

Soth and Trues possibly suffered more Sunday morning in the hospital than they did Saturday on the track. Said the night nurse to the day nurse: "Take good care of these two.

It's important for international relations. They're Russians."

The Economics of Bowling

THE American Machine and Foundry Company has just announced that it has delivered its 60,000th automatic pin setter to a bowling center in Detroit. An old theory of economics once held that all such advances in mechanization made for revolution by the simple process of putting people out of work. The economic laws of sport, however, are evidently different from those governing more serious human enterprises: no pathetic host of human pin boys has been eliminated by AMF's recent mechanical pin-setters; no pinset lines are springing up to demand that pin boys be retained; indeed, bowling on a big scale (big enough to be important economically) did not begin until after the human labor of setting bowling pins had become unnecessary.

It took the automatic pin boy to make bowling economically important. How important may be suggested by the words of AMF's Board Chairman Morehead Patterson to stockholders: "Unfilled orders came to \$116 million, earnings for the first six months were 78% above those of the same period last year, and "the major portion of the increase can be attributed to recent orders for AMF bowling equipment." Before its success in the bowling business, AMF was an armature-machine shop; the House of Morgan of machinery makers, manufacturing things like nuclear reactors, electrical motors, level-wrapping and expander-making machines. Its competitor, Brunswick-Balke-Collender, has also come into the bowling business with its automatic pin setter, which it sells outright for \$6,000. AMF rents its pin-setters, and the other day Brunswick announced it had landed a whopping order for \$14 million worth of new bowling lanes and automatic equipment.

Fine flourishing statistics like these were impossible before automation struck the alleys. Most of the 22 million Americans who bowl have taken up the sport since automatic pin handling came into being. All the ex-

isting centers, now running major proportions also, began after the need for pin boys subsided. It would have been almost impossible to have found a labor supply big enough to set all the games that are being bowled on automatic lanes. In all, about 50,000 such lanes are now installed or on order. And the huge pre-conditioned air-condition and shop-preventer bowling lanes aimed at attracting school children and housewives in the hours when men bowlers are absent, have blossomed everywhere, changing the look of a large part of the country.

Sport is, after all, a leisure activity, embodying a certain well-being and relaxation, and it may be that its peculiar economic laws are influenced by that fact. The industrial revolution made for leisure because it turned over to machines the labor performed by people. The automation of the bowling lanes, and the consequent expansion of the sport, is the harbinger of a social revolution in which leisure itself is made wider and more enjoyable even for the (theoretically) unemployed pin boy.

They Ain't Hay

THE artichoke is a pithy vegetable that looks like a big thistle but isn't. The Jerusalem artichoke is not even an artichoke, but that's another story. All artichokes are a nuisance to grow, particularly because they like a cool, foggy, frost-free climate. The Artichoke Center of the



Bump-up Job

Who's this, on this tug,
Cruising all of the rumpus?
It's a married pug.
Who's leaving the compass?

—BENJAMIN ARONSON

World is Castroville, Calif., which is south of San Francisco and cool, foggy and frost-free. The *Lancaster Times* reporter gives 57 recipes for preparing artichokes.

No one eats an artichoke raw except a French racehorse named Jamn. (see page 11), who consumes a kilogram a day, one or two bites to an artichoke. Jamn is a French trotter, and the champion of Europe. He will appear at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, N.Y. in the inaugural In-



ternational trot this weekend. According to Jamn's driver, Jean Riard, most horses are very fond of artichokes, which certainly will come as news to American horses, most of whom have never even seen, much less eaten, one. One good reason is that artichokes, at least in the East, cost about 19 cents apiece when they're in season. Artichokes also cost a lot in France, but Riard says that he gives them to Jamn as a gift, or treat, "because Jamn is not like other horses. He is so special." He is, having won 20 of his last 25 races.

Special or not, Jamn might well find that he has to make do, just this once, without his favorite food. Originally, you see, the U.S. Department of Agriculture impounded all the fodder that Jamn and the other European trotters had brought along with them. This difficulty was hurried last week when the Department gave all the fodder its stamp of approval—all save the artichokes, for they were reckoned to be harmful. Despite Jean Riard's claims that he had shipped a week's supply, Roosevelt Raceway officials decided not to waste time idly hoping the artichokes would turn up; instead they contacted Ralph D'Arrigo, a U.S. artichoke broker, in an attempt to get more.

"There's a hell of a shortage," said one Roosevelt official, "but D'Arrigo has set up some kind of a mercy mission. He's had experience with that kind of thing; he once had to get a bunch of bananas for a sick kid or

something. They're putting those little plastic domes over them or something out there in California and trying to force the damn things. I sure hope it works."

How I Got Lost

JAMES MORRIS TATUM, an invincible optimist whose confidence could hardly be diminished by his 210-pound body, never wanted to be the toughest kid in town. "I just want to be the guy who stopped the toughest kid in town," he used to say.

To do that, in the world of college football coaching, Sunny Jim Tatum felt it necessary to work almost constantly, day and night, during the 14 years he spent at North Carolina, Oklahoma and Maryland. He whipped all of the toughest ones during his career. Won 100, lost 15.

Blasphemy and cruelty, he sought the main ingredients for his favorite football prescription: good material and relationship funds. The two were as closely related, he felt, as chickens and eggs. To those who criticized him as "a parasite monster of open professionalism," Sunny Jim replied: "If they didn't want big-time football, they wouldn't have hired me, and if they don't want me they can fire me." He took precautions against being fired in the only way he knew: by seeing that more and more tickets were sold to his football games.

In order to sell tickets and avoid the figurative but very real heat so often applied to football coaches Ta-

tum felt compelled at times, in the dead of winter, to turn off the heat in his office. "I have a lot of work to do," he once told a shivering sports-writer. "I'll leave the radiator on, the place will get warm and I may get sleepy."

Perhaps because, as he put it, "the rate of attrition is tremendous in coaching," Sunny Jim recently began planning to build a bowling alley near Chapel Hill. Except for that one venture, he devoted his organizational skill to coaching, not bothering to organize a periodic escape from the tedium which pressed upon him constantly. If he ever relaxed at all, it probably was during those frequent, friendly visits, marked by his own warmth and understanding, with alumni, prospects and friends, with almost anyone who was willing to talk football.

Even when he went to Canada for a "vacation" this summer, Sunny Jim couldn't resist the opportunity to help invade Montreal, Paulson Walker, drill the Montreal Alouettes.

Although he never seemed to realize it, even after periodic hospital visits that usually resulted in a diagnosis of sheer exhaustion and stern warnings to slow down—Sunny Jim's long, tireless hours probably kept him from being the toughest kid in town. The pressures of those hours may have been at least partly responsible for his falling victim last week to a normally puny adversary, a virus ailment that killed him just a few days after he contracted it. **END**

They Said It

PAUL RICHARDS, Baltimore *Graphic* manager, on information of Washington *Stinger* Harman Kolbe: "He has enough power to let those come in any park—including Yellowstone."

MRS. ROBERTA BONNINWELL, longtime women's track star and coach, describing the apathy of the American female toward track and field: "They are inclined to be lazy. But even so, if our national idol were a jamaica flower or a skatpuffer instead of a male star, we'd have more than a mere handful of girls trying out for international sweets."

SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS, Baltimore and trainer, on the weakness of his 20th birthday: "I'll celebrate with a raw chicken, I ate a drink now and then, I gave up smoking years ago, I eat anything I want, except baked apples before breakfast, and still, MRB gives me a headache."

WONDERFUL WORLD
OF SPORT

TREASURE COMES COOL

Photographs by Art Fender and Charlie Adelman

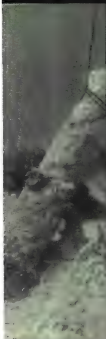


For three centuries, like the ragged teeth of a giant fish, the submerged reefs off the Florida Keys have been snagging the hapless ships that stray or are driven from their safe courses in the Gulf Stream. For hope of treasure or just for cool sport, skin-divers have been prowling these reefs, and today many of the old wrecks have become familiar landmarks. But this June, while looking for the oft-explored wreck of an old British warship, salvage diver Tim Watkins came upon a new, seemingly undisturbed mound of ballast rock. Watkins had found the remains of one of a fleet of Spanish merchantmen swept onto the reefs by a hurricane in 1733.

The 1733 Spanish fleet is known to have carried great riches, but it is also known that the Spaniards returned, dived and recovered much of the treasure.

In the past month Watkins and five helpers have removed more than 300 tons of ballast rock, timbers and drifted sand, uncovering a wealth of artifacts that the Spaniards left behind: an eight-foot cannon (center, below), human bones and broken bottles, wine jugs (left), block and tackle, powder cups and brass weights (right, below), gold wedding rings and coins, 50 pounds of silver bullion.

The dig has cost about \$4,000. Sale of the silver and gold should cover most of the cost. Until the rest of the haul is appraised Watkins and his team will not know whether they will make a profit or merely escape a loss. This they do know, however big the profit, back as land the federal tax men await, alert as the crew of a privateer, ready to take a share of the Spanish prize.





WONDERFUL WORLD the world's no. 1

**HURRY,
HURRY,
HURRY!**

When the London Daily Mirror invited readers to compete in a \$25,000 race between London's Marble Arch and the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, sporting traditions on both sides of the English Channel were tweaked. Content rules allowed all types of transportation, and during the last fortnight, 180 contestants tried just about all of them.

The race commemorated the 20th

anniversary of Louis Blériot's pioneer air crossing of the Channel, and one man, Jean Salles of France, found Blériot's way again in almost identical plane-nursing replica of his ancestor's monoplane. A 34-year-old woman competitor, after employing a motorcycle, a plane and a car, trotted steadily for nine hours, nourished by grass, and clutching a pet tortoise. She lost her war in Paris of flight.

IMMEDIATE MILLAR MAP UNIT. CONSIDER THE MOUNTAIN AND CANYON RANGES AS ONE THOUGH THEIR PEAKS AT THE WEST





SAUTERS OVER ENGLAND'S L100 AIRPORT



RELAND, 35 YEARS OLD, SPURTS UP 13-FOOT PLANK, RUNWAY AND INTO HUNTERJET

outside the 13-hour time limit. Drigh-ton Miller, a London solicitor, set off for Paris in black leather and tweed suit. Traveling by motor car and plane, he made no remarkable time, but his announced intention "to come in looking like a perfect English gentleman" was entirely successful.

A French model and sport parachutist, Colette Duval, vowed "To-day I am France," and scurried from

Paris to London by motorcycle, helicopter and jet. But both she and an English roller skater were floored by bad luck. "Sand in the bearings—that's the trouble, old boy," said the skater, and neither set any records. Another more successful was the RAF pilot who leaped en route from a boat to a shear legs apparatus and the beapertacked youth whose hopes rode a grass cutter. Best time by a

margin, 41 minutes 41 seconds, was set by Erik Rylands, who, with 10 assistants and a seconds-saving ramp to his jet for second place. First place (and \$14,000) went to Charles Maughan, an RAF squadron leader, whose motorcycle-helicopter-roller-skater-motorcycle-assault-bike whisked him from Paris to London in 40 minutes, 41 seconds—an average of 315 mph for the 314 Arc-to-Arch miles.

POWER MOWER RICK, ROAD, CYCLES, JUMPING OFF RUNNING CYCLES AND SKATER WERE ALL POWERED BY MECHANICAL, MIGHTY





MISS LIBERTY WINS THE RUSSIANS

THAT RUSSIAN attraction sail-ups peered at the steel masterpiece (in English-transliterated) with indignation of how they felt about what they saw in the United States, but there was one serious disagreement exception. On a hot and busy afternoon before their return to Moscow they took a sightseeing cruise around Manhattan and watched the Statue of Liberty suddenly loom up off the starboard rail. By some rare combination of light and color the towering symbol looked remarkably beautiful. The next sunlight through the sun-faded, the green metal figure seemed suspended above the water, towering as majestically as the skyscrapers in the distance. The Russian looked startled; they identified it quickly, called loudly to each other to come look. A collective impulse seized them: to get a photograph of the best-looking Russian woman, wife of present (Tatiana Chernik) with

the Statue of Liberty in the background. However, the *Revolutions* 1.17 around Manhattan in three hours for \$2.50 was circling the Statue, and picture-taking ended in a confusion of tall athletes tumbling over each other, laughing as they scrambled for more attempted shots.

The cruise was a mild speed, the afternoon began peering out other American members, and the Russians collapsed into barren silence. It obviously would not do to say that it was much importance to this brief flurry of Russian high-spiritedness may be worth while to point out that nothing so secret was reported at the Russian. Customs officers. For the question of what impresses the average Russian or, in Russia, of what impresses the average American has become incredibly important. The Impressive Soviet Exhibition of Science, Technology and Culture (New York attendance 25,000 daily) is ardently

attended at the ordinary man, American's excitement, which opened in Moscow last week, is likewise directed at the average Russian. The goal of these ventures is plainly to demonstrate to the average citizen of the other country the greater value of one's own kind and social systems.

When Soviet attraction in Moscow, said to Khrushchev, "I would like to meet with ordinary people," he named Khrushchev, in some of the most aggressive and following. The Russian, however, said that Soviet's idea of an ordinary Russian was one who would accept experiments as soon as he heard Soviet speak. With our wishing to put into an illustrated cultural exchange of this kind, we should like to submit our own idea of what impresses an ordinary Russian. (At least what impressed the American athletes in the American.)

It was not much through great national strength Khrushchev left them apathetic. Taken to a gigantic Levittown, they were impressed. One of them, pondering a sign on a ranch house. For \$12,000, committed the amount to rubles, and were taken about 100 miles less than they had expected. "That's too much," one of them explained weedy. "That \$12,000 is just for the material. You have to build it yourself." The 22,000 crowd at the double-ranger between the Phillies and the Giants made no great impression. Told of Willie Mays's greatness as a player, the Russians exchanged knowing glances and asked why he was out in center field. "If this is Willie Mays, you are good," one said and smiled. "Why is he out in center field?" Why, isn't he out there with the others?"

In other words, America's national game failed to break through the skepticism of the visitors, just as over-coming evidence of American material strength failed to do so. But for some reason, the Russians seemed to enjoy themselves around the Statue of Liberty. They looked immensely curious. They seemed less concerned about an inferior visiting them. They didn't seem to care, for the moment at least, if they did something wrong. They looked more themselves—more like Russians, or even more like ordinary Russians. Or, for that matter, just more like ordinary human beings.

END



Illustration © 1999 by The McGraw-Hill Companies

The upper echelon is drinking Seven-Up and Vodka-ah-h-h!

We wouldn't tell a lie. Not *everyone* is drinking 7-Up and Vodka. Not *everyone*'s discovered it! But the adventuresome, the alert, the trend-setters are *crazy* about it!

They say this is *The Way To Drink Vodka*. They say, the crisp, refreshing flavor of 7-Up is the nicest thing that's happened to vodka. They claim it's delicious. *Delicious!* They even love the sparkle of the drink and call it a thing of beauty.

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SNIPES ON THE RUN

Photograph by Bruce Davidson



On a dash to the leeward marker, a cluster of pitching, planing Snipes veers into a tense jibe during the national championships. Turn page for the story of the world's largest class of sailboats and their skippers



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The versatile Snipe is one of racing's best buys, as its top skippers will gladly testify



TED WELLS, THREE-TIME NATIONAL CHAMPION, OF THE CLASS OF SNIPS BOATERS

by THOMAS ATKINSON

IF YOU THINK the color picture on the previous page doesn't tell the temporary between-the-Snipe-skippers fighting for the 1985 national championship represents an unusually crowded situation you are wrong. Disaster may seem imminent as the red boat ples in on the white one, but Snipe racing habitually rides the hair-line of the near-crashing. Fred Schenck, the 1987 national champion, recalls a now 19-year-old when his boat was completely swamped by the second marker in a 30-mile wind. "We hauled like crazy with a bilge pump, bucket and sailor's cap. By the time we reached the third mark we were up and sailing again—and we won." Schenck's racing memories also include the time a shroud parted on a competing boat, threatening sudden collapse of the mast, sails and rigging; the crew grabbed the mast and held it up for the rest of the race.

Unlike many "class" boats, which were designed purely for racing, however, the Snipe offers more than speed and thrills. It is a miniature yacht as well as a racing boat, and despite the fact that newer and faster classes continually appear, the Snipe

is more in demand than ever. Snipes, in fact, are so much out they have become the most popular boat in the world. Today there are more than 5,000 of the little 15' 1/2-footers in commission, sailing out of 250 active racing districts from Trieste to Tokyo and even in such Iron Curtain countries as Poland, and last year over 400 more were added to the class.

The Snipe was designed in 1931, in the early Depression years, by Magazine Editor and Naval Architect William Crosby. He set out to build a family sailing boat that would be low-priced enough to stay within the restricted family budgets of the times and furthermore would be properly balanced to sail plan firmly and condition or body of water from mill ponds to oceans; small enough to hold on a trailer, thereby greatly extending the sailing range of the boat; and sturdy enough to take any beating a family might give it. And Crosby succeeded on all counts. The Snipe has a moderate sail area up to 115 square feet, making it an easy boat to handle. It has a high boom which helps prevent down-carried skulls. With a minimum racing weight of 425 pounds it is easy to trailer from

race to race. As for cost, the first Snipe built from Crosby's plans was constructed by a 14-year-old boy, Jimmy Brown, in Pass Christian, Miss. It cost him \$47. Even on today's inflated market it would cost him only \$185, and he could get a ready-built Snipe for \$675 to \$1,000. For \$150 more he could get dozen sails, mast and pulley. A Snipe fully equipped for a national championship (including trailer, two sets of dozen sails, etc.) would set him back less than \$1,500.

The rapid growth of the Snipe established that Americans were looking for just such a safe, economical boat. Within a year after Crosby finished his design there were enough Snipe skippers to form the Snipe Class International Racing Association. By allowing only moderate changes in the design since, SCIRA has seen to it that a well-maintained old Snipe today will still have an even chance against a brand-new competitor. As if to prove the amateur can match the professional builder, John Walcott, last year's national champion, built his winning Snipe right in Itasca, N.Y., while attending classes at Cornell. No kit man, Walcott started

continued

from scratch, drawing full-sized plans from those in the two-page Snipe rule book.

"In the evenings I would kick the guys out of my room and spread the plans out over the floor," recalls Wolcott. "When I was finally ready to build, I rented a loft downtown." Since the Snipe is one of the few major classes where a home-built boat stands a chance of winning a top championship, Wolcott's victory puts him in an exclusive group among racing skippers.

Snipe enthusiasts like nothing more than explaining why they believe their little yachts are the most fantastic craft afloat. The man most entitled to speak on Snipes is Ted Wells, 42-year-old dean of Snipe skippers. Wells, winner of more championships than any other Snipe sailor, is the author of one of sailing's most important books, *Scientific Sailing Theory*. He got his start in Snipes quite by accident. One Sunday afternoon 20 years ago, he and his wife drove from Whittier, Kans. out to Santa Fe Lake to watch the boats for a while. He saw the Snipes perform, and was intrigued with them.

"After we were leaving," Wells recalls, "we stopped at a gas stand and I asked if anybody had one of them for sale around the lake. Somebody did, and I bought it for \$100." From then on, Wells was a victim of Snipe mania. Wherever, during the Kansas droughts of 1933 and 1934, the lake has evaporated out from under him but, undaunted, he took to neighboring lakes to win trophies.

"You get so much inherent competition in the Snipe races," says Wells, "that it gives us a much higher percentage of very good skippers than any other class can claim. The competition is so stiff that when I get out ahead in a race I get a very insecure feeling, particularly in light air. I think about hitting one flat spot without wind—if I do, I've had it. One poor tack can ruin the lead."

Fred Schenck recalls just such a time when he outdistanced the old master. "It was during a race at Long Beach," says Schenck. "It was rather hazy and the boat I was in rounded the leeward mark behind Wells, who was in the lead. Ted didn't spot the next mark. We saw it, but kept quiet and followed along behind him, letting him think he was heading straight for it. After a while we jibed for

the mark and went into first place."

Charles Beach, son of Joe Beach, who heads international Biscuit run interests, is equally decisive—and also partisan. "Competition is why I love the class," he says. "In any average fleet you'll see four or five Stars. But in the Snipe race you'll see 13, 20, 40. It just isn't as thrilling to compete with four when you can face 40."

This year's midwinter Snipe champion, Harris (Terry) Whittemore III, is quick to defend the Snipe on another point. "How often have I heard," he says, "that Snipes are good little boats for junior to grow up in and learn on, but when he grows up suddenly will buy him a big boat? This sort of talk is pure rubbish. Doctors, lawyers, dentists, architects, brokers, industrialists, engineers, scientists, executives and even European royalty, as well as squatters, plumbers, masons—people from all walks of life sail Snipes. I'll sail anything because I like to sail, but to achieve the tops in Snipes is one of the most difficult challenges in sailing."

Whittemore was first introduced to sailing as a lad when his father treated him to a trip to Newport in 1937 to see the America's Cup races. He has since built up one of the most successful Snipe fleets in the world on Lake Quannapung, Conn., where his family owns 2,000 acres of farmland. The matriarch in the Quannapung fleet's new yacht club skipper with silver, and a good percentage of it is Terry's. So good is the fleet that when John Wolcott graduated from Cornell he took a job in Bridgeport, Conn., near Quannapung, just to sharpen his talent. A year and a half of racing against such skippers as Whittemore and he had his national championship.

Whittemore himself has never won the nationals, though twice he has placed second—once behind Wolcott, earlier behind Harry Allen, another Quannapung skipper. But this may well be his year. He has been sailing better than ever. This Sunday, August 2, the 1938 nationals go under way at Lake Fort Gibson, Okla., and for the next five days Whittemore will be challenging 63 other skippers to show him why he can't do it. Ted Wells, along with John Wolcott, will be among them, in what should prove to be the most competitive nationals ever. The winner automatically becomes the U.S. Snipe entry in the Pan American Games in Chicago at

the end of August and in the Soling World Championship in Rio this October.

Admittedly, it is a long step from the day the eager Snipe owner buys his boat to the day he races in such championships, but it is seldom more than a short step to the day he serves himself to enter a local regatta. However, it takes practice, endless practice, to make a top racing skipper. "Of major importance in this matter of winning consistently in top regattas," says Whittemore, "is acquiring complete confidence in your boat and sails. This is absolutely essential, and practice is the only answer. If you have complete confidence you will be able to attain concentration of all your senses for the duration of any race."

Fred Schenck, of Newport Beach, Calif., winner of the 1937 nationals, is a good example of what Whittemore means. Schenck was so determined to gain confidence that he practiced sailing with a sail bag over his head. Thus, with a companion watching out for him, he acquired the proper feel of the boat at each point of sailing. "With the bag over your head," Schenck points out, "you can learn to feel mistakes: luffing, pinching or sailing too low. In luffing, the boat is flat on the water; in pinching, the boat is heeled over a little. Sailed correctly the boat is heeled to the best angle. If you want to fast, your boat heels more yet, but if you fall off too much your boat flattens out again. You learn this by the seat of your pants, so to speak."

To help the new Snipe owner to get the best out of his boat—and the practicing skipper to improve his performance—Stevens International has sought out the considered advice of the best Snipe sailors in the country on the four points of tuning and handling their lovely little craft. Here is what they have to say—an expert's guide to Snipe sailing.

TUNING

"Beginners in the art of tuning," says Whittemore, "often make two mistakes of getting bogged down in relatively minor preparations, such as constantly sanding the bottom of the boat. Actually, such things have less to do with winning a race than things like carrying the proper helm."

Unlike many class boats, a Snipe, Whittemore goes on, should carry neutral helm, except when going to windward, when it should carry slight

weather helm. A rule of thumb for adjusting neutral helm on Snipes is to place the mast as far forward as the restrictions allow and the centerboard as far aft.

Once the skipper has achieved neutral helm, Whittemore continues, he should allow the boat to heel over as slightly when going to windward. This creates limited, but desirable, weather helm. With this slight weather helm the boat will work herself up to windward, so the skipper does not have to force the boat up.

Most skippers sail their Snipes with loose sails. When going to windward the luff wire of the jib should take most of the pressure. This prevents the luff of the jib from sagging off when close-hauled. As for the leeward stay, it will then be loose when sailing to weather to allow the crew

to trim the jib in close. Once the Snipe is tacked there is no room for both light and heavy winds.

PRACTICE

Bob Schenck has some good advice to sharpen and make more interesting the many practice sessions needed to attain proficiency: get yourself a "sparring partner." Practicing against another boat not only provides the very essence of sailboat racing, man-to-man competition, but is a great help to the beginner in getting his tactics down pat. When the skipper goes into his first real race it is advisable, says Schenck, to follow the leader. "Everywhere he goes, you go. Eventually you will come to a situation where you can lead." And there are certain basic tactics he should keep in mind.

AT THE START

In most races the start is to windward, but due to the vagaries of the wind, few starts, if any, are directly into the wind. One end of the line, therefore, will be more favorable than the other. A good way to determine the favorable end prior to the start is to sail down behind the line on a starboard tack, then head up into the wind across the line. If a skipper can cross the line at an angle of more than 45°, the windward end of the line is the more favorable, otherwise the leeward end is best.

On a windward start there is usually only one perfect way to go over the line: close-hauled on a starboard tack and closest to the favored end at the gun. Because of the general congestion at the favored end, however, the skipper will sometimes be forced off to seek another spot. Unless he has to win in a particular race, Whittemore acknowledges, he will try for a spot on the line where there is an opening. "Don't try to start in the group," Schenck agrees. "This is where accidents easily occur."

Whittemore commits himself to one end of the line or the other about a minute and a half before the starting gun. He then sails down the starting line on a port tack, looking for an opening where there are no other boats. If he finds it he comes about and sails down the line with the opening. This puts him on the desired starboard tack in relatively undisturbed air.

"Before the gun you must keep looking for that opening," Whittemore stresses. "If you get it, there will be only one or two other boats around to bother you. But don't go over the line early. In this year's mid-winters at Clearwater, Fla. I was in first place going into the last race. All I had to do was be within two lengths of Commodore Allen Lawson when he finished and I had the win. I miscalculated the start and was over just before the gun. I had to go back and start at the tail of the fleet. Luckily, I caught him at the last windward mark and beat him."

WINDWARD SAILING

"There is a race's edge," says Whittemore, "just short of luffing which the skipper should strive to attain. Below this race's edge the skipper may go faster but he will be moving off the wind and off the most direct line to the next mark."

At just 10 feet 6 inches overall, with a 16-foot beam and 26-foot 3-inch mast, the snipe draws 40 inches with reefed sails aloft, has two sails, main and jib, and a 10-ohm electrical plug up to 115-volt-a-c. It's ideal, makes for an easy boat to handle. Performance: a skipper and one crew. Cost: range from \$150 to \$1,000; already built; completely outfitted for racing; with trailer \$1,000.



Photo by Joe Schenck

THE SNIPE: SHAPPY BOAT FOR RACING AND FUN

"When sailing to windward, be omnipresent," the beginner should trim close both the jib and the main. If the wind is strong, let off the main a little to hold the boat fairly level. Here the jib will backwind the main somewhat, but the beginner should ignore this. If the wind is moderate or light, pull in the sails, and then let off both jib and main up to an inch in order to gain a more effective air foil.

ROUNDING THE MARKS

When approaching the windward mark it is almost imperative to do so on the starboard tack with the right of way. A skipper on a port tack cannot round it until there is an opening to get through the starboard tack boats, unless it is a starboard hand marker and the skipper purposely misunderstands the mark. *see Bob Whittemore on rounding windward marks, SI, May 25.* The leeward should not overstand the mark because if he blazes this tricky maneuver the extra distance will overtake previous rounds.

"As an example of how previous rounds can be at the mark," says Whittemore, "a district championship at Quasquamp two weeks ago all 15 boats rounded the first mark within 20 seconds of each other."

Schenck has a word of advice on heavy weather: "Don't try to play it as close as you might in light air. When you come to the mark have the sheets prepared to let the sails out as you round the mark. You've got to be ready to net mark quicker than

otherwise. In light air you can come up with jib clewed but in heavy air you should prepare to let the sails out sooner."

CREW

There is only one crew member on a Stripe, and a great deal depends on him. Here is what the top stripe skippers look for in a crew:

Carlos Bosch: "The most essential quality in crewing is being able to take orders and following them to the letter. I don't care if my crew is my father, brother, or school because for me he must take my orders even if he is positive I'm wrong. After the race my crew can tell me I'm a stupid jackass for doing what I did—that's part of the fun of the sport."

Terry Whittemore: "They have to have an urge to win equal to my own. They have to have complete confidence in my tiller handling. If I have as crew a skipper experienced in his own right, he will know the importance of acting instantly when the seconds count, while at the same time automatically keeping the boat in good balance. At the same time he must be able to trim the jib when a fraction of an inch to whatever final adjustments the man on the tiller determines. He must handle a multitude of jobs without having to be told the sequence verbally. Moreover, he must serve as another pair of eyes, advising me on arising situations and generally keeping me posted in a language familiar to us both. This allows me to concentrate on maintaining maximum hull speed."

Fred Schenck: "He should know tactics, and he should be able to keep the skipper informed of what's going on, keep him on his toes, work with him on a minute-to-minute basis. I would say the ideal weight for a crew is about 130 to 140 pounds, and 5 feet 10 or 11 is about the maximum height to work comfortably."

Ted Wells: "I want a crew to be interested in sailing, not in talking. A race is no time for a chat."

HULLS

Stripes can be built of either wood or fiber glass, but most boats that win important regattas are wood. This is purely a matter of preference; fiber glass is a relatively new material and more mast skippers who own the top regattas have sailed the same hull for a good many years. It is 1950-1960 likely to be a wooden hull. They not only have confidence in their wood boats but so do their men and so are reluctant to change. Nevertheless, several of the top skippers have decided to try fiber glass, including Ted Wells and Fred Schenck.

"They have said that a fiber-glass hull cannot beat the nationals," says Schenck. "I disagree." Schenck plans to use fiber glass in the nationals this year.

For the man who cannot give all the time he would like to his craft and who wants to spend his time sailing, not working on his boat, fiber glass is the answer. It saves countless hours of maintenance during a season. Fiber glass is in effect seamless, so there is no caulking, no chafe, no



JOHN WOLCOTT took his men from third at United, overhauled to beat the top skippers in the 1958 nationals.



FRED SCHENCK, junior owner, 1961 nationals, recently switched from a wood to a fiber-glass hull for this year's title.



TERRY WHITEMORE isn't the only winner but never a national winner, is in regattas for the coming championship.

nated into the material so that your job of sanding and painting is cut to a minimum. The cost is about the same, but the money saved in upkeep makes fiber glass the better buy.

SAILS

Most of the top sailors have at least two or three sets of sails to handle the different wind conditions. Usually, these sails are of the maximum dimensions allowed under the rules. They have one set out full for winds up to 12 mph, one set less full for winds from 12 to 18 or 20 mph and a flat set for higher winds. An exception is Carlos Bosch, who uses only one set, and that the biggest possible within the class limitations.

Most skippers consider the weight of the boat so important that they seldom carry an extra set of sails on the boat during a race. "The only time I carry an extra set on the boat," says Whittemore, "is when there are two races and no chance to return to the dock between them."

EXTRA GEAR

Extra gear that is practically must equipment for the skippers includes jibs cleats, boom vang to hold down the boom when reaching and running in strong winds; hiking straps, under which the skipper and crew hook their feet when hiking; whisker pole to hold out the clew of the jib on downwind legs (a square is advisable); tiller extension, to allow steering the boat while hiking; and, as many a lake skipper has found out too late, downwind, a stiff wire with a curved end for removing weeds from the rudder.

A must on any boat is a means of self-bailing devices. The most recent, and what may prove to be the best, self-bailing device is a small electric pump. The total weight is only five pounds.

"I don't like to bail by hand. It breaks up the rhythm of the boat," says Whittemore. "With this electric pump you're set for all weather."

The primary purpose of extra equipment, according to Webb, is to make a race more comfortable for the skipper and crew. "I don't mean comfort equivalent to an easy chair in the living room," he explains. "I mean equipment that will cut down the physical exertion of the crew to a minimum and put less of a premium on athletic ability."

More and more skippers are finding a corpgum a handy item to have

—Continued



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KNIPES continued

aboard. "In the races at Clearwater, Fla., two years ago you could have been lost without a compass," Wells claims. "There was a fog, and visibility was only 100 feet. I came up on one boat that even the counterboat couldn't find."

While sailing away from land the compass can also be used to determine wind-swepts. If a skipper or crew, when sailing close-hauled on Whiteport's starboard side, observes the compass drift, it means the wind is shifting. The compass is also used to tack



DAVID WELLS, son of Bristol river president, is the rebel, making 20-year skipper.

or not. If the boat is pointing higher, that's fine, but if it falls off about 10°, it is usually advisable to tack. Also, when rounding a mark, a glance at the compass will tell if the wind has shifted since the last time around.

"I don't take time out to read the compass myself," says Whittemore, "but I do call for a reading from the crew. My compass sits in a special holder at the top and end of the centerboard track so that it can be read even when taking."

Three again, Hasek is the rebel, ready to prove that no matter how much extra equipment is installed on a Skipper, it's still the Skipper and his crew that win the race. "I don't worry about anything but having a good sail," he says, "and doing the little adjusting to my craft designed to make me more comfortable in a race. Consequently, I can think straight and concentrate longer while fighting top-notch skippers for the lead." Which is precisely what most Skipper owners, sooner or later, will find themselves doing.

END



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

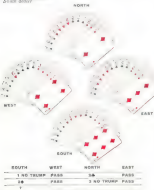
Something for the gadgeteers

In today's era of bidding gadgetry, no convention is more gimmick-loaded than what started as a simple method of locating a major suit fit—the artificial two-club response to an opening bid of one no trump.

The majority of today's players consider this convention a contract bridge innovation and credit its invention to Sam Stayman. However, back in the dark ages of auction bridge when nobody bid four-card majors and even longer minor suits were suppressed in favor of the no-trump bid that offered the short road to game, some thoughtful players noted that many no-trump contracts were defeated when game in a four-card major would have been sure. So, with good hands, they would take out the no-trump bid to two clubs to ask whether the no-trump opener held four cards in either major.

Stayman, with his then partner George Rapee, reentered this convention from desuetude and restyled it for contract bridge—with good effect on hands like this.

Flash cards: vulnerable
South dealer



At this point in the proceedings there is some question what South should do. North's two-club inquiry need not necessarily guarantee that he holds four cards in

either major; he may only have been seeking reassurance about a weak suit in his own hand. Should South show his second major?

If he does so, North, who underbid considerably when he bid only three no trump, will leap to six hearts. He can do this with certainty that the combined hands will include at least 33 points; even if South has a minimum no trump, his showing of two four-card suits promises a doubleton worth the one point that will bring the combined hands into the slam zone.

The gadget bid that eliminates the problem of whether the no-trumper should show his second major is an immediate response showing both majors and also announcing whether the opening bid was a minimum or maximum. (He it known that your reporter has not adopted this practice, leaning as he notoriously does to natural methods.) After a two-club response from North, South rebids three clubs to show both majors and a minimum, three diamonds to show both majors and better than a minimum opener. In this case, he would bid three diamonds and North could leap to the slam at hearts.

If they do not succeed in uncovering the four-four fit in hearts, it is not unthinkable that North-South should wind up in a contract of six no trump. They enjoy the required 33 high-card points—but no luck. The club trumps go off and the spades do not split; with careful defense, South is held to 11 tricks.

Played at six hearts, however, South's distributional value provides the winning margin. Against the opening lead of the diamond jack, declarer wins with his ace. He cashes the heart king and heads to dummy's heart jack. The bad split demands temporary abandonment of the trump suit, and dummy's club queen is led for a finesse. Though this loses to West's king, it is not fatal.

West's diamond continuation forces dummy's king. Declarer cashes his club ace and goes to dummy's queen of spades to shed his last diamond on the club jack. Then South ruffs dummy's last diamond and cashes his queen of hearts. He returns to dummy with the spade king and throws his losing spade on dummy's ace of hearts, which draws East's last trump. The ace of spades in declarer's hand captures the slam-fulfilling trick.

EXTRA TRICK

If you don't mind acquiring another complexity for you and your partner to remember, there is no reason why you should not adopt the gadget that lets the no-trump bidder show both majors at once. However, a simpler way of locating a major suit fit is always to confine the two-club response to hands which include at least one four-card major.

END

Purple perfection

In many countries there are magical ways to prepare eggplant. Here's one of the best

ONE GLANCE at the purple harvest at the right is enough to set me to scheming of marvelous dishes that, in the next few days, I shall either cook for myself or prevail upon Judith to alchemize into being. For eggplant rates so high with us that we have had to stake out separate claims: there are just too many ways to prepare it for a single person to assume responsibility for them all.

This handsome vegetable, now in full supply in the summer markets, is one of extraordinary versatility. Since remote antiquity there have been garden plots in India in which the bushy, scaly plants have brought forth their delicate violet flowers. The fruit has developed through recent centuries from large white ovate berries that gave it its English name to the larger, magnificently purple forms we know today. Its cultivation has spread throughout the world, but it is along the shores of the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean that good cooks have made the most of it.

My first taste of egg-and-eggplant curry was in a village south of Saigon, and the chef was a half-French, half-Indo-Chinese soldier. His skill was such that I couldn't accept immediately his assertion that he had used eggplant as a substitute for meat. Since then I've found Italian specialists who perform the same deception by using this miraculous vegetable in spaghetti sauce—or searing it as a cutlet sandwiched within succulent layers of tomato and Parmesan, ricotta and mozzarella cheese.

Eggplant is equally good served hot or cold. When Judith makes ratatouille, that ambrosial vegetable ragout evolved from the sun-drenched gardens of the south of France, she doubles the recipe to insure there being enough for a salad course the following day. My specialty on the cold-dish side is a mélange of cooked eggplant, tomatoes, onions, garlic, oil and vinegar that is everyday fare in such places as Egypt, Turkey and Lebanon and is sometimes known as *mezzeh* (the swarming point). Eggplant has a wonderful capacity for combining with other vegetables, especially tomatoes, pineapples and green peppers.

There are a few tricks helpful to the preparation of eggplant in any fashion. Because it contains a high percentage of water, many cooks frequently find that watering or deep-fat frying results in soggy slices. One way to avoid this is to draw out the water before cooking by salting the slices and putting them under a weight for at least 30 minutes. Another secret is to use oil instead of butter or drippings. Have the oil spitting hot when sautéing; in deep frying, bring the temperature up to 350°.

It is impossible to be fair in singling out recipes that best represent eggplant. At a dinner party in May a Romanian couple converted us to a Balkan dish called *ghiveci* in which are combined carrots, eggplant, peas, firm beans, green beans, green peppers, cabbage, cauliflower, summer squash, celery, rice, tomatoes, seedless grapes, onions and stock. It is—to say the least—renewable. A visitor to Sicily brought us back a recipe for eggplant relish called *caposeta alla siciliana*, a gulliman-fry of eggplant, onions, tomatoes, capers, olives and wine vinegar. There is a fine Indian eggplant chutney, too, and a Middle Eastern guide to be served as an hors d'oeuvre on bread. But because we have to begin somewhere, here is a Turkish invention called *moussaka*, which combines eggplant with ground lamb. The recipe given below is a particularly delectable version of a staple dish found in many variants throughout the eastern Mediterranean world.

MOUSSAKA (continued)

2 pounds lamb, ground	1 clove garlic, minced
Onion (omit with diet)	1 cup water
2 medium-sized eggplants	1 cup milk
3 medium onions, chopped	1/2 cup olive oil
4 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons tomato paste	2 tablespoons grated cheese
2 table-spoons chopped parsley	Salt and Parmesan cheese
	pinch of cayenne pepper
	salt, black pepper

Peel the eggplants; cut them in slices about 1/4 inch thick, and press out the water as explained above.

Heat 2 tablespoons butter in a heavy skillet and add the ground lamb, onions, salt and cayenne pepper. Brown slowly over a low flame. Mix in the chopped onion and cook slowly for 5 minutes; add tomato paste and cook for another 5 minutes; then add parsley, garlic and 1 cup water. Cover and simmer for 1 hour (45 minutes if leftover lamb is used).

Make a white sauce by melting 2 tablespoons butter in a saucepan, adding the flour and stirring until well blended. Heat the milk and pour in slowly, stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point and boil for 2 minutes. Add salt and pepper and cook for 15 minutes in a double boiler. Set aside to cool.

Sauté the eggplant slices in olive oil until they are golden. Oil a baking dish and put in three layers of eggplant slices. Sprinkle them with 1 tablespoon of grated cheese. Cover with the cooked lamb, then blanket with the eggplant slices and cheese. Pour the white sauce over the mixture and cook in 350° for 45 minutes. Remove from oven and allow the dish to "rest" for about 20 minutes before serving.

Photograph by Anne Dahl/W&P





SPORT IN ART

Peaceful Fighter

Every bit as arrogant and decorative as the Regency dandies who flocked to watch him fight, the magnificent cock above displays a victor's serenity. Painted by England's Ben Marshall, known for his scenes of the hunt and horses, it was one of a pair, entitled *Peace and War*, respectively. Its counterpart (31 June 4, 1966) appears with feathers trimmed, and spurred for combat. The two were engraved by C. Turner in 1820, and both have always been popular with collectors.

Summer of the 12s

The drama, glory and nostalgia of the America's Cup races are captured for history in a new book by Carleton Mitchell

Summer
of the
Twelves



THE SUMMER of the 12s was historic; there will never be another quite like it. It was an America's Cup summer, the first in 21 years—for some of those who sailed in it the first living memory; for others, like Harold Vanderbilt, a glorious if unloped for execution of a past long thought forever buried. It was a summer, finally, that brought a new type of America's Cup contest—the clean, graceful, thoroughbred 12-meter yachts, successors to the majestic, unforgettable 12s.

Carleton Mitchell, in a book devoted in its entirety to the 17th defense of the America's Cup last year (*Summer of the Twelves, Southern* '90), has evoked that summer in all of its nostalgic intensity and glory. As a special contributor to *Sports Illustrated*, he was involved in every moment of it, from *Vine's* first sail after the grand old lady had been steamrolled back into her obliterating form (she had been built and raced before the war by Vanderbilt, remember?) and *Sceptre's* early trials (he was the first and only newspaper aboard, and he was in American at that) right down to the de-fusement and its climactic moment when *Columbia*, exultant, crossed the line to salute her limping, broken-beamed rival with a toast in struggled champagne. Here, in 150 glossy, handsome pages, profusely illustrated with magnificent photographs, is the day-by-day record; and for those who want the technical details, there are 50 pages more on everything from sail handling on the contenders to the amendment of the *Duel at Gilt* which made the 17th defense possible and the report of the race committee which supervised it day by day.

If the cup races themselves seemed

something of an anticlimax to those who had hoped for a better fight from the British, its recollection in these pages has none of that quality. For the real story of the cup lies in the summer-long preparation for those few days of supreme contest. Day by day, week by week the tension mounts, as the yachts are brought to finest tune, the crews to highest pitch of efficiency. These are the moments brought to life here: *Vine's* incredible heart-stopping performance in the trials; Briggs Cunningham's infectious grin, which gave to every sail aboard *Columbia* a spe-

cial quality; *Weatherly's* gradual coming alive—too late—as the trials went on; *Rosemar's* evolving from a "family boat" out more for fun, at first, into a serious dark-horse contender which never realized her true potential. The summer lives again, in some respects more vividly than in its actuality, for these are pictures here which, correlated as they could not be at the time, give the reader a view and understanding of a race such as only the most privileged and knowledgeable spectator could enjoy. And privileged the reader is, for this is sporting history at its best. **ONE**



AS SEEN FROM "WEATHERLY"—COLUMBIA (LEFT), VINE AND HEATHERLY



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THE POINTING DOGS

by **GEORGE STYMIST**
with **VIRGINIA KRAFT**

Drawings by Daniel Schacht



GEORGE STYMIST

A hunter and outdoorsman since boyhood, George Stylist, 47, first began experimenting in training pointing dogs when he was with the Fish and Game Department of Lunenburg, N.J. When in 1949, he won the National Amateur Field Trial Championship with a pointer named Embury, Stylist was inspired to devote his spare time to the pursuit of training dogs full time. Stylist has been fortunate to have secured a number of kennels at his kennel in Lambertville, entered more than 800 field trials and twice won the National Amateur Pointing Dog Championship.



The seven popular pointing dogs shown above are the subject of Sports Illustrated's concluding lesson in how to train the sporting breeds. While the Britting, Weimannier and German shorthair are relative newcomers on the American hunting scene, the Irish, Gordon, and English setters are old-time favorites now making a comeback in the field after years of overbreeding for show. They have the same natural instinct for finding birds as the pointers, who has dominated quail shooting for decades, but like the flashy spaniels, trailing hounds and retrievers considered earlier, they must, of course, be trained to do so. With patience and a little practice, this training can be for the hunter as well as the dog a rewarding and exciting experience.

TURN PAGE FOR POINTING DOG TRAINING



For control, take dog on lead to lead him from the field.

First time in the field

The best time to begin training a pointing dog is when he is between 8 and 15 months old, after he has learned to respond to his name and to obey simple home commands (SI, July 14 and 21, 1988). Always take the dog to the field on lead so he understands you are the boss, and review his basic commands before unleashing him. Then let him run free to get him accustomed to all kinds of terrain. If he is timid about entering heavy cover, go in first and encourage him by calling him in after you. Acquaint him with gunfire by shooting a .22-caliber blank pistol down range to him. When the dog gets out too far ahead of you, blow a single blast on a training whistle to make him stop, and then send him off in a new direction by waving your arm in a sweeping motion (*Field Training: Part 1*, June 14). The distance the dog will range from you when actually hunting is usually determined by how he is trained. He will slide in advance whether you want a wide-ranging dog (80 to 200 yards) or one who ranges close (30 to 60 yards). This depends on the kind of hunting you will eventually do, and stop him at approximately the same distance from you each time. In this way the dog will learn the general limits of the area you expect him to hunt. When you want the dog to return to you, stop him with the whistle, then snap down and call him to you by name. Remember, to praise him where he reaches you. At this stage of training, it is unimportant whether the dog points or not. Right now you are primarily concerned with teaching him to obey your commands in the field and to gain experience in hearing all kinds of cover. Spend a half hour every day for about two months on this training.



Encourage pointing dog to come to you by using the whistle.



Bring dog back by blowing the whistle and using the name.



*The shrike and small bird
in hand to dog to limit flying.*

*Put puppy on a long rope
and lead up to planted bird.*



*When dog is on point, owner
draws up rope to his collar.*



*Steady dog with voice and
rope through the long-point station.*

*Then flush out bird with
foot and fire training pistol.*



First time on point

When a dog has learned to investigate all kinds of noise and to range within your hunting limits, he is ready to begin pointing birds. In this exercise a single quail (\$2.50) can be used over and over again if you tie a short string attached to a piece of wood to its leg. This won't hurt the bird but will prevent it from flying very far. Tuck the quail's head under its wing and plant it in a clump of grass. Put the dog on a 50-foot rope and lead him toward the bird. Remember that he has to face into the wind to get the scent. When he does, he will instinctively go on a natural point. Then talk to him to keep him steady as you move your hands down the rope to his collar. Holding his collar to control him, improve his form by straightening his hindquarters, lifting his looper and raising his head. Still talking to the dog, slowly move up ahead of him and flush out the quail with your foot. If the dog remains on point, fire the pistol. If he breaks—and he probably will at first—command "Whoa" and jerk on the rope. Plan on four months of daily training before the dog really learns to hold steady on point.

FOR MORE POINTING DOG TRAINING, TURN PAGE

First experience hunting birds

When you have confidence that the dog will hold a point without breaking, you can proceed to teach him to find a bird in cover and point it without the control and assistance of the rope. A few minutes before taking the dog afield, plant a quail (again use the string and stick for this exercise) under some brush. Release the dog and encourage him with your voice to hunt. If at first he has difficulty locating the bird's scent by himself, direct him to the quail with your arm and body. Wear a bright-colored vest or shirt so the dog can see you easily. When he scents the bird and assumes point, move in to him. Stroke him to steady him and participate a break by saying "Down." Improve his habit if necessary. Then move ahead and flush the bird. When it is in the air, fire the pistol. Continue to steady the dog with your voice and wait a few minutes after firing to make certain he has held the point. Then reward him, and send him off again to hunt the same quail in whatever direction it may have landed. Spend about two months of half-hour sessions on this stage of training.



Help dog locate bird by signals with arm and body.



Dog will go on instinctive point when he scents bird.

If dog holds point, flush bird and give third point.



Man stands up to dog and steady him on point.



*Tack takes a point, and
then follows the bird.*

First experience shooting birds

Before the dog can go from a rough hunt, he must gain experience at having birds shot over him. Begin this training with plenty of birds so you can observe the dog's attitude as he watches a bird on a gun and you can give the dog a great deal of practice. Let him hunt on his own, keeping him close to a running gun. Tack is best if he runs past the bird or runs wild. When the dog goes on point, tempt him to break by walking around a few minutes before shooting the bird. This will gradually bring him past the gun so that on a real hunt, if he points a distant bird, he will remain steady until you catch up. Continue to talk to the dog as you work up to the bird. Then flush it and shoot. Walk away from the dog slowly, saying, "Well! Well! That's a good one!" Always return to a point on the ground in training. Later, when the dog can go round and under a perfect control, he can be changed to a distance. *(Field Training: Part III, July 11, although this is not a job he is expected to do.)* When you bring back the bird, demand to thank and let him know you are pleased with his performance.



*Steady, stay the gun on
your flock and shoot good.*

*Always return a dead bird
to the ground in the same way.*



FOR MORE POINTING DOG TRAINING, TURN PAGE

Learning to honor a point

After the dog has pointed for several months, he is ready to learn to honor a point by not disturbing the single point. This is the final step in the "single-point" training. You still need the help of a friend and an experienced dog. Plant a bird and let the older dog point it. Then lead your dog on a rope up to a position in front of the bird, as close as you can get to point when he sees the older dog. If he is not on a point, help him into a point with your hands. When he is steady, have your friend get back close the bird, keep a dog on the back and take the bird out of sight. Again, repeat the exercise until your dog is on a point, dog with eyes of bird, when you are out of sight. When the dog is on a point, let the other dog. Eventually he will honor a point from as far away as you want to go. In the final lesson, there is probably no need to change the position of the bird, but you will still want to make sure the dog is on a point when you are out of sight.



Don't forget to train your dog to honor a point.

H. H. H.

A David named Rodger

Driving a mere midget, Rodger Ward clobbered the biggest cars at Lime Rock

That David and Goliath story was foreshadowed at Lime Rock, Conn., last week when a midget auto slung its stones into the headlights of giants such as Aston-Martin, Maserati and Jaguar. The personable Rodger Ward, who won the 1959 Indianapolis "500," had a chance to drive one of the larger models in Lime Rock's Formula Libre event, but his experience on the U.S. Auto Club's professional circuit led him to pick a Meyer-Drake steel-bodied midget for the early 1.5-mile course. It was the first time anyone had even tried such a specialized speedway-type vehicle in a major sports car road race.

Ward said his car had "just a foot throttle," meaning it had only one gear which he initially set at 4.60 ratio for the first heat. The tiny 540-pound midget is powered by a smaller version of the engine plant which won honors for Ward at Indianapolis. It attracted all eyes at the start when it set a new one-lap course record during qualifying trials: 1 minute, 4.67 for an average of 83.5 mph.

"I turned 7,300 rpm to qualify," said Ward, adding that he could wind 250 more rpm out of the engine.

"We might as well junk them all," sighed one official, surveying the fleet of foreign sports cars as Ward came into the pits in his tiny racer.

The \$5,000 Lime Rock race had a special significance in the USAC program of 1959 professional and amateur racing. Eastern fans were being exposed to the racing of such speedway drivers as Ward and Tony Bettenhausen with the best of the sports car chauffeurs—Clark Gable, Lance Reventlow, George Constantine and Pedro Rodriguez, the brilliant young Mexican. The race itself was run in three heats from rolling starts to accommodate the midgets. Bettenhausen piloting number of the five. The first two heats of 20 laps each and the

final heat of 60 laps constituted a total of 120 miles to be covered before winning-point totals could be determined.

In the first heat, the oft-crowned king of Lime Rock, George Constantine, led the pack in a 4.2 Aston-Martin with Ward trailing by a little over a second. Daigh, racing an old Maserati G18 for the new team of Carroll, USA, came in third, but very close.

Ward told pit men to change his gear ratio to 4.48 for the second heat. "I could stay with him on the turns, but he gained on the straight," Rodger

led and Daigh was threatening Ward for second. While this trio worked out front, Rodriguez in a Maserati and Reventlow in a Cooper Formula 11 were continually badgering each other in the background.

Daigh passed Reventlow in second position, and then passed Constantine by the end of the 11th lap. Later, as the leaders began to lap the field, Ward again did the leading when his blue midget dived through the jam; in the 21st lap Constantine left the affair with a damaged rear-end bearing. Daigh, stalking the little car, finally managed to pass Ward and looked mighty like a winner. His victory in the 60-lap heat plus two third places would have more than offset Ward's early-point advantage.

For most of the mid-race Daigh dominated, but all the time Ward had more than skill riding with him. He knew his light car was getting proportionately lighter as he burned fuel and that the weight difference would



GEORGE CONSTANTINE'S 4.2 ASTON-MARTIN PROBES FOR A PATH AROUND WARD

said of Constantine. "The lark of a gearbox is a handicap," he added.

Constantine, talking to his pit men, guessed Ward would adjust to overtake him on the second heat. Ward did take the lead immediately, picking up five car lengths in the 8 turn and stretching it to 10 lengths by the end of the first lap. Ward lost his margin when he went off the course momentarily at a turn, with Daigh pressing close behind. But making his way back through traffic which the larger cars could not pass, Ward regained the lead and took the second heat, with Constantine second and Daigh again third. Now Ward and Constantine were even in point standings, with Daigh next. The point-heavy third heat of 60 laps looked depressing for Ward as Constantine took the

lead in his favor. With patience and cold nerve he overtook Daigh in the 48th lap. There was little question about Ward's ability to hold a lead once he got it, and his midget did not disappear the 10,000 thrilled spectators who watched him average 80.657 mph on the short, twisted course.

But while Ward ponders Sebring and other upcoming races, driven like Reventlow still doubt the future of the midgets on the longer courses. Reventlow, who scarcely needed to move out of third gear and shifted into fourth only as a formality, still feels the midgets' effect will not be profound. The way he explains it, they just don't have the speed to compete with the bigger cars on the courses with the longer and more demanding straightaways.

000

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



Photograph by Harold Helms

A boy keeps days like these all his life. Some day he'll trundle his own sons in a hammock—remembering the jolly, peaceful man-to-man times spent with his father.

So many precious things like this depend on peace. And peace depends upon so many things. For instance: peace costs money.

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ART SMITH, 46, Chicago Club, Connecticut

Tip from the Top

Checking your long-iron play

MANY otherwise competent golfers have great difficulty in playing their long irons. In a large way this comes from a lack of confidence in their ability to handle these shots. Since no one can teach confidence, the best assistance we can give, I think, is to explain to these golfers how they can counter the nervous habit of the iron which most commonly throws off long-iron play and, consequently, out into a player's confidence.

First, check to see if you are oversteering—trying to get your club back as far as you do on your woods. If you find you are, shorten your backswing. When you are nothing but ball on the target again, then you can lengthen your backswing a bit at a time, and distance will come.

Second, if you are pulling your long irons, check your finish. Perhaps you haven't allowed your weight to move over to the left leg. Holding your weight back on the right will cause a pull. Taking your club back too much on the inside also does.

And third, if you're pushing your long irons off to the right, you should again check your finish. You are probably quitting or not following through all the way. Make sure that your clubhead is finishing over your left shoulder. If that is in order, then check your backswing to see that the club is not being taken back too far on the outside.



Incorrect: Player has marked follow-through. Push will result.

Incorrect: Player has not moved weight to left leg. Pull will result.

NEXT TIP: All the work on keeping square comes about the hands.

A FINE ROMANCE

continued from page 18

supporting the Giants far beyond the reddest tinges of Mr. Stensland when he feels the barren stands of the Polo Grounds, do not like to be represented by crybabies, alien artists and poor losers. It might be beneficial, all around, if he would reserve Mr. Arlin, nelli for service in some mythical park where the kind never blazes, or else hang a garland in the clubhouse."

Ray Hays stood on the third-floor Tribune stand, shouting encouragement to the Giants: "The fact is that the Giants are about as unresponsive and apparently unappreciative as relative strangers, even if they have our dubious pleasure to behold. There is a touch of something similar to condescension, an irritating, almost patronizing atmosphere in the Giants' quarters. It might stem from only a few, but makes the working citizen feel highly unnecessary. . . . Your first impression is, these expatriate New Yorkers consider the West Coast fairly 'some' players already have relationships with local social and sporting events, but in their respective fields. If this is their true feeling, the Giants must be estranged at home. It is, consequently, as Lister's most unappreciative team. They might as well be the Seals-Brahms, those foreign colonial sporting pins, who after decades of colonialization at the Polo Grounds they should know those lush northern Californians who guarantee the parcel by parking the stands. . . . The hair trouble might stem from the fact the Giants and northern Californians, known together as complete strangers, will continue to occupy the same fan stands in the same seating areas. However, as doubt continues to arise, we must question whether the Giants really intend to maintain their traditional bond with the local fans. It would seem, good business to return warmth with warmth to the same conditions."

Antonelli was out there tonight for the water. He started against the Cubs last Friday night. When two consecutive rainstorms drew a substantial number of fans. In the second inning, the Cubs scored 11 by putting a weather cane atop the dragon rail. After the Cubs scored three runs in the fifth, the crowd gave Manager Bill Higney a big hand when he came out to remove Antonelli.

Generally, the pitching almost in-

ferred in the upsurge over Antonelli, looks good, up to a point. Mike McCormick (it's hard to realize he's only 26) and Jack Sanford, who, along with Antonelli and Sam Jones, won the Giants a Big Four, both beat St. Louis convincingly. It is indicative of slowly growing stature that Manager Fred Hunter asked him, to the National League pitching staff for All-Star Game II in Los Angeles on August 11. Sanford's run marked the fifth straight time a Giant starter had gone the distance. "It's the best pitching I've seen, and the Giants since I've been managing," Hunter



CHERRY COMPLAINS: "The fact is that the Giants are about as unresponsive and apparently unappreciative as relative strangers, even if they have our dubious pleasure to behold."

said after the game. He was especially pleased by Sanford's change-up and said the game was Sanford's best so far, even better than the excellent pitching against the Cubs earlier in the year. "He overpowered them before," Higney explained. "Today he changed speed a couple of times. He was just taking a little off himself." Behind the big four stars are Eddie Fisher, a knuckle-balling rookie who will be used in spots, and Stu Miller, a "junk"-throwing veteran, who will be used to keep the offense and relief. Two other pitchers, Gordon Jones and Alvin Wertheim, haven't worked much, and Higney seemed to caution Sam Jones, who won two, back to back, in Cincinnati over McCormick's loss.

When the pitching has been good, the hitting has been bad. As a team, the Giants are only batting .271 compared to .259 in the same time last year. It's a rare day when they knock a pitcher out of the box. And when

they do get the hits, they don't make them count. In the second game against St. Louis last week, the Giants got 11 hits and five runs, but only one of the runs was earned.

The defense has been tight. "Our pitching and defense have been carrying us through," Higney said after the third series. Eddie Broward has replaced Jack Rogers, the longtime cricket player, at short, and at last Daryl Spencer seems to have found a good partner for the double play. Spencer, incidentally, is having a fine year. He has been particularly good in the outfield, catching batting .280. The big surprise has been Halie Hershman, a left-handed hitter who took the surprising position from Bob Schmidt, last year's first baseman, who has been doing exceptionally well. He worked a high point of some sort in an extra-inning win against Cincinnati recently. In the ninth, with none out, he picked up the leadoff runner, first base Frank Robinson, on a sliding hit. In the fifth, he caught Ray McMillan attempting to steal.

In the outfield, Jackie Brandt has been fine, with the quiet reliance on with the hit. While he has not been all right, but Mays has yet to get untracked. If he were hitting like he used to, the Giants would be leading by 10. Capone, the second baseman, has been supplying the punch at the plate with a .271 batting average. It is somewhat of a surprise that, at the top of the right field, the Giants have various San Francisco shortstops, a poll taken last week showed that 16 out of 23 members of the St. Louis Cardinals picked the Giants as the team most likely to win it, the National League.

There is one team here that has San Francisco's reputation. In San Francisco's pitcher roster, several of the Giants are the pitcher, the two pairs at Cardinals. They're expected to be ready for the series, and San Francisco's wind blown in a different direction. However, a third of the season remains, and Higney is not claiming any shoot-in. "I think we've got a real good chance," he said. On July 10, Higney was asked if he would like to see some more, and he was seriously talking pitcher. Perhaps San Francisco's wind and luck attitude toward the pitcher was just a sign of it. In the second game, the pitcher of a game was a game, and an ambient fan, who had been a fan. "The pitcher in the bar are talking about it, but it hasn't earned the pitcher yet."

END

TROTTING

by Frank M. Campbell

most nationwide supervision of the sport, excepts complex breeding and racing records, race power to discipline drivers in order to maintain public confidence in trotting's honesty and issue licenses to all participants. As baseball, football and other sports have learned recently, an organization which performs such a regulatory function on a nationwide scale is also apt to be the cause of monopoly. At the moment, the U.S. Government is prosecuting a suit against the Trotting Association which, if successful, would strip the USTA of its power to govern the sport. However, whatever the legal result of the case may be, it should be apparent to anyone that no nationwide sport can safely exist without adequate supervision on a nationwide basis. Harness racing, far from being an exception to this rule, desperately needs a centralized agency of control; harnessmen and drivers constantly move about the country, among the more than 100 tracks, some of which they are not subject to review by a body with the power to discipline, the whole sport would fall into chaos. Indeed, the U.S. Government, instead of taking the USTA to task, should urge it to exercise the strictest control over all aspects of harness racing. If not the subject of the racing in the character of its participants.

Meanwhile, we have the first International, and it should be a momentous occasion in trotting history. All of the drama of a world championship event surrounds it, and the setting is superbly worthy of the occasion. Kempton Raceway features every accommodation in the way of creature comforts for spectators, from restrooms to race track food to an 82-foot Transamerica watch the race in trackside, air-conditioned restaurants, others from comfortable grandstand and bleacher seats of the extensive grandstands and not incidentally, even that anyone's direct view is obscured, there are race courses on all TV screens, and one of the track's four levels. More important than all of this, however, some racing cannot itself, a model of half-mile track construction. Every possible inch of straightaway distance has been provided within the limits of its dimensions, and the turns, so important in such a relatively small oval, are perfectly banked. The track surface,

special loan from Kempton's own Long Island farmland, is a neat balance sufficiently firm to provide all-weather usability, yet not too hard for the surprisingly delicate leg bones of race horses. These features are among the prime reasons why horsemen enjoy racing at Kempton.

The distance of the race, a mile and a half, strikes a fair compromise between long and short races. American and Canadian trotters, generally speaking, have little experience at anything other than the mile, which has become the easier distance on this continent. The Europeans, on the other hand, regularly compete over a mile and a half, two miles and even farther. Here is the opinion of Joe O'Brien, veteran of U.S. and Canadian tracks and one of the most astute horsemen in the business.

"Some horses, I believe, just can't go more than a mile successfully. But the vast majority can. You don't even have to train a good American horse to go a mile and a half—the competitor, the other horses on the track all around him, will keep him trying all the way." O'Brien's opinion covers the U.S. entry, Trainer Ham, and the Canadian, Philip Frost.

What may bother many of the experienced trainers in the half-mile track, despite its excellent Irish Gallop lanes, Transamerica lane, race-hall sponsored experience on tracks of this sort, since they are common enough in that country. But France's Jamin, Sweden's Adopt, Norway's Jens Pedersen and Germany's Hans-Joachim have only few engagements on the small oval. The significance of this is that trainers develop gait suited to the tracks on which they competed all throughout the lifetime of a mile track will not negotiate the tighter turns of a half-mile track with the same efficiency or, actually, with the same feeling of comfort which breeds confidence. Hopefully, their two weeks of training at Kempton will help the visitors in this regard.

As trotting horses themselves, both the event and its appearance make Jamin the outstanding starter in the race. He has won 23 races in 54 starts over a four-year career, and most of them were handicaps in which he needed up to 55 meters (roughly 82 yards) to other horses. U.S. trainer Norman Woodworth, who observed Jamin in European competition, heralded him "stepping death" because of his ability to wear down



JOE O'BRIEN, veteran of U.S. and Canadian tracks, says that American horses can't go more than a mile successfully.



JENS PEDERSEN, Norwegian, is the favorite to win the first international half-mile trotting race.

PHILIP FROST, Canadian, is expected to be the race's most appealing entry, Trainer.



his rivals in relentless stretch drives. American driver Earle Avery says: "I drove Egyptian Princess against Jamin in the Prix d'Amérique in Paris last January. The Princess is one of the best we've had in this country recently, as you know. Well, I was ahead of Jamin at one point and the Princess was trotting up a storm. Jamin pamed us, and he was 75 lengths ahead of us before we leveled off!" Jamin's driver, handsome Jean Ricard, says simply, "There has never been such a horse in Europe and there never will be another."

Italy's Tornese and Icare are both speed horses; both have equaled or bettered 2:02 for the mile. Tornese's looks will captivate the International audience. A brilliant chestnut, he is so slightly built that he appears to be a developing 2-year-old instead of a mature 7. A closer look, however, reveals the smooth musculature over the small-boned frame which gives him the ability to skip rapidly over a half-mile track. In his bloodlines, incidentally, is a grand sire named Melin Hanover who, harness buffs will remember, won our own Hambletonian in 1938. Icare, like all the other Europeans, is a much bigger and more powerful animal. Five times this past season he has trotted second to Jamin; once he beat the French horse, though with the benefit of a 30-meter handicap.

Sweden's Adept also brings with him an excellent record: he was unbeaten as a 2- and 3-year-old (in 12 starts), lost only once at 4 and was undefeated in four straight races this season, until Jamin and Icare barely slipped past him at the wire in a two-mile event in Stockholm last May. Of all the Europeans, he has apparently been the quickest to find sure and comfortable footing on Roosevelt's track.

The remaining two overseas horses, Ironheart and Jens Protector, do not appear to be in the same class with either Trader Horn or the other visitors. The German has not met really tough competition and Jens's reputation is based on a single start, though he is Norway's champion. In that race, in Copenhagen in May, he enjoyed a 30-meter handicap over Jamin and won, but this magazine's correspondent on the scene has reported that Jamin experienced incredibly bad racing luck all the way. Jens has fine speed but may not have the stamina to mix it with this

continues on p. 58

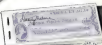
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IN THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF MUSCLE, BEACH BUSTERS DISPLAYED THE RESULTS OF SUNNY EXERCISE ON THE SAND

Part II THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

FOR LOVE OF MUSCLE

On the frenetic fringe of fitness the bulging bicep is idolized. Here its cult is discussed, and Charles Atlas' opinion of it

by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

In the huffing, puffing world of muscle culture, which has recently, thanks to the President's physical fitness program, taken a new lease on life, one man still stands out above all the others: Charles Atlas. Despite the streamlined competition of Vic Tanny, whose chromium-plated machines and hard-sell commercials have spread across the country, Atlas could shake his of them all, or, as one admirer put it, he is "to muscles what Tiffany's is to diamonds." Moreover, at 66 he is still in his prime, a silver-haired testimonial to the efficacy of the bodybuilding system he calls Dynamic Tension.

There are those, of course, who have called Atlas crazy. For some reason it is a trait of the bodybuilding world to impugn loudly, in the case of any disagreement, the other fellow's sanity. And those who attack Atlas maintain that stretching like a tiger or a baby or pain pressing cannot possibly produce the muscular development that posing a few hundred pounds of weight can. And there are also those who find the whole physical-culture world very slightly tinged with lunacy, since—on the student level—it is a world that is populated so heavily with postadolescents, teen-agers and others not noted for their stability.

—Tom Kitchin

The Tiffany of muscles, however, is calm in the face of such criticism. He approaches his work with dedication, spirit and the belief that his calling may be the highest calling of all. "I desire," says one of his lessons, "to build a perfect man, a country of perfect human masterpieces. I aim to make you powerful, graceful, magnetic." He continues with this advice: "At all times, when the mind finds unpleasant to please and things, the mental influence plays a larger part in the promotion of health than does people realize. As a man himself, you are it."

Contented and successful enough here, however, these aggressive developments in the culture to which he professedly gave his name stirred at his own work, however. His own motives are virtually ungraspable, and Tamm's can, perhaps, be understood only in terms of some of his methods, repeated thousands of times, but the motives of some others are, though obscure, clearer.

In general, all bodybuilders are motivated by one of three desires. A man decides to improve his physique because he wants to feel better or because he wants to be stronger or—the third reason—for show vanity. Charles Atlas, of course, concentrates entirely on the man who

want muscle for the first two reasons. In the third, or Body Beautiful, branch of musculature, things are somewhat different.

It is hard to know how much admiration of one's own effigy is, as it were, helpful, and how much is, shall we say, overly time-consuming or morbid. From a dispassionate interest in pectoral muscles and calf measurements, it is only the briefest possible hop to a kind of abject body worship. If you are of the Body Beautiful school of thought, too much muscle is displeasing. Deep of our love, identity of skin, even if applied such can be considered strange disfigurements. There is no art to lose for this sort of thing can be carried, but an excessive illustration of what it can develop into was to be found, until recently, at a place called Muscle Beach in California.

Outwardly, Muscle Beach in early postwar years had much to recommend it. On the sunny shore above the blue Pacific, with a WPA-built platform with gym equipment, it was, to many, a heartening sight to behold, with America's young men and women improving themselves athletically by stretching, flexing, doing double presses and performing some astonishing gymnastic and acrobatic feats. It was a place where thousands reported themselves fitter. Many a Hollywood hopeful actor, for one reason or another,

er, felt that his or her appearance in the semiregular might be more memorable than when clothed came, eager for attention, to Muscle Beach.

But then there came to be a breed of youngsters known, for lack of a better term, as "beach bums." These—many still in their early teens—swarmed more interested in lying about in languorous poses than in exerting themselves with weight lifting and surf boarding. Muscle Beach, already a tourist attraction, became notorious. People traveled far—extremely far, it seemed—to visit it. Bums in the neighborhood did a thriving—too thriving, in many cases—business. Many Muscle Beachers seemed to have no jobs or other visible means of support, and yet, to Santa Monica, it had long been apparent that those who wished to had no difficulty finding patrons in their audience. In fact, as far as the respectable population of Santa Monica was concerned, Muscle Beach turned into a horror.

Three years ago a crowd percent named Stephen Nash attacked and stabbed to death an 8-year-old boy under a Santa Monica pier, a story's throw from the musculer's lair. And, though Nash himself was no weight lifter, he was considered quite typical of the group who composed Muscle Beach's own producers. After this, members of the Santa Monica police department began to regularly patrol these bums at Muscle Beach. They arrested, and arrested, some of their oldest and most familiar—if not necessarily famous—customers. Among the offenders they apprehended that the most popular reason for his being in that neighborhood his style was that they "just talked around to him." "Muscle Beach," something as tame as Santa Monica was considered, had to be closed. But it was not to be closed.

Throughout Muscle Beach it was well known that the presence of the city's Hottel and the Santa Monica Community Center, the Muscle Beachers' home, was a place where the young men, and girls, lived. There was a 400-member Muscle Beach Club, to which members paid \$24-a-year dues. It took an explosive multiple arrest for crimes, felonies and misdemeanors, ranging from suspiciously suspicious to held medication, to lead vagrancy—in which the suspects were five of Muscle Beach's most popular bums—backing forth, the police contrary, that spelled Muscle Beach's doom.

Muscle Beach was officially closed in December 1958. Despite the pro-



POSTWAR SAN FRANCISCO: Muscle Beach's outdoor gymnasium stand atop on the famous beach. Some of the equipment, much was later dismantled and removed.



MAJOR EXERCISES in *VO TARRY*, 1911, have stood in a classroom setting, worked out with marvelous array of chromium-plated pulleys, weights and gadgets.

work of his owners, hot-legged newspapermen and "tourists." It is unlikely that it will ever open again in anything like its previous state. The Muscle Beachers have dispersed. This does not mean, of course, that the members of the Body Beautiful cult who used the beach as their national headquarters have done anything but go elsewhere. In a way, the closing of Muscle Beach has made it harder for police to apprehend the undesirable in their midst. "They were all concentrated concentrated there," a vice squad admits. In point of fact, the cult still flourishes and attracts its members, through other means.

Thinkable, for example, the curious and analogous case of the many "little magazines" whose contents are devoted to photographs of the male physique, lightly clad. Certain of these publications, which are pocket size and sell for up to 50¢ apiece, are so-called "one-shots." A magazine, in other words, may appear only once devoted to male body culture; when a magazine next appears it will be devoted to another subject, in another guise entirely, with another title. Others, however, manage to publish regular monthly or quarterly issues. In nearly every case their contents are supplied by photographic studios whose operators in the male physique, and all the magazines, they keep anything, operate under principles that are almost embarrassingly respectable. When accused, some of them have been, of catering only to homosexuals, they act shocked; editorially they protest that they are sincerely "cul-

tural," devoted to "aesthetic appreciation of the male figure," no rougher than *The Saturday Evening Post* where there are dozens to 15 magazine titles in this category currently bespatter the newsstands to a degree that certain newsreaders have found distinctly unsavory. The United News Company in New York, for one, refuses to distribute these magazines at any of the stands it operates on the ground that the magazines are unwholesome as to content, that the motives of their publishers are at least exhibitionistic and that the reasons for their purchase by the public are prurient.

Wholesome or not, the following facts seem clear in regard to the gentlemen who appear as "models" in these magazines are former Muscle Beachers; the circulation of all the magazines each one sells between 10 and 20,000 copies is considered by the newsstandmen to be high—one unit, one, in other words, is supporting them all; a number of the publications carry West Coast addresses, though not all. Beyond this, it is anyone's guess, and therefore less official, what the editors are trying to accomplish.

All this is very far indeed from the rule of ethics practiced by Charles Atlas and in the chromium-plated gym of *VO TARRY*. To the Tiffing of muscles, however, the whole Body Beautiful cult is more than a public problem. It is a personal threat in his side. The very existence of such a group, however far removed, has cast an undesired and unfortunate light on all that Atlas does and teaches.

(continued)

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It shocks Atlas to think that his own theories may have had anything to do with those of the body esthetes or that their rise may have affected his. Nevertheless, the fact is that the two seemed to have developed as parallel phenomena.

Charles Atlas began his rise to fame in the Depressed '30s, and it was this same period that first noticed a Body Beautiful boom, and Muscle Beach. It was in 1935, also, that Vic Tanny set up his first gym, in Rochester, N.Y. The fact is—horrible thought it is for Mr. Atlas to contemplate—that Mr. Atlas may have inadvertently helped to create, with his emphasis on strength and muscle, a few Frankentennas. By calling attention so effectively to the condition of the male physique, he may have helped build the Body Beautiful boom, and the boom in its turn may have helped build Atlas.

Because he cannot effectively combat them, Atlas tries his best to ignore the members of his profession's fanatic fringe. It is clear that the whole business is not only distasteful to him but largely incomprehensible. When it was pointed out to him recently that bodybuilding, which in his hands had been advertised as a way to get yourself a girl, had become, in the hands of others, a way to get something quite the opposite, Mr. Atlas endorsed beyond his usual healthful readiness and said, "Some of those people—why, why, they're not serious!" And Charles Roman, his business partner, told me crisply, "We wish to have absolutely no connection drawn between Charles Atlas, Limited and the publishers of the male physical-culture magazines. We do not wish to be associated with them in any way whatsoever." And he adds, "Charles Atlas has done too much good for his country to worry about people like that."

And it is certainly true that today, with a comfortable income from his business, how much he earns he does not wish to say, but the Atlas share of the partnership is thought to be between \$80,000 and \$100,000 a year, with a pleasant way of life spanning Point Lookout in the summer, the New York Athletic Club, Florida, in winter, and between times the Brook-



ATLAS today, aged 40, is still an impressive figure, hardly changed except for his silver hair.

lyn apartment that is filled with paintings and antiques collected by Mrs. Atlas, along with plenty of good music to eat and lather by, Charles Atlas feels abundantly rewarded. His greatest satisfaction comes, however, from a feeling that he has contributed significantly to the well-being and happiness of American youth. Though he numbers among his alumni such celebrities as Bob Hope, the late Fred Allen, Max Baer and Harry von Zell, his loyalty remains to small-town boys across the country—a loyalty which he sees, symbolically, as "a boy on a farm in Kansas," a vision perhaps tempered by his memory of himself on a farm in southern Italy. He is also proud of the members of the armed services whom, he feels, he has helped train. He has made a number of tours for the Marine Corps, the Air Force and the Coast Guard on which he has

lectured to personnel; he receives hundreds of letters—and answers each—from satisfied Atlas students in every branch of the service. Such time as he spends at his desk is chiefly devoted to handling his massive mail. He is a slow worker with words and will spend hours trying to give a routine letter to a fan the right "feel." His letters are apt to begin "Hello Dear Friend" and close "Yours for Perfect Muscles, Charles Atlas" or "Yours for HEALTH AND STRENGTH" or "Yours for a HEALTHY and STRONG BODY." His correspondence goes all over the world.

Atlas has other measurements that the work he does is good. The American Medical Association, for example, has surveyed his course and found it to their liking. And when the Federal Trade Commission examined his records and not only found that his course was as advertised but also that over a three-month period the average Atlas pupil gained three-and-a-half inches of muscle overall, Mr. Atlas was not in the least surprised. In addition to himself, Mr. Atlas has living proof of the efficacy of his methods all around him. Mrs. Atlas has taken the course, so have his daughter, Diana, and his son, Charles Jr., and all three are stronger than most people. Charles Jr. won the nickname of Hercules while attending New York University. Mr. Atlas' granddaughter, Valerie, is stronger than most of the 9-year-olds in her neighborhood. If his dream of building a race of human masterpieces has not quite come true, no one can blame him for not trying.

Seated at his desk in his Manhattan office the other day, in front of an open window that admitted the cool, clean wind ("Oxygen is free!" from East Twenty-Third Street, Charles Atlas expanded his still outsize chest and said, "Life is worth a million bucks! You lose your health, what else have you got?" He fixed me with a penetrating gaze, and I knew it was people like myself who provided him with his infrequent disappointments—men who had started once in the sweet long age to take his course but who had not kept it up. And now, as he could have told us, we showed a slight tendency to very slightly jouch.

END

TRACK: HERE THEY COME

Sinc

Unsuspected my congratulations to a superior lot of track reporters this Philadelphia Victory with a Smirk, 31, July 27.

Tex Maule's description of the 1988-meter run was indeed excellent. For one who did not see the race, it was a graphic and complete picture. For one who did see it, it was even more interesting. The feature certainly made it complete.

I unfortunately the next day, as long as behind Ratage when it comes to staying an affair of this type. With all the planning and thought that was indeed this contest, one would think the race itself would be a model of track and field efficiency.

Indeed it was two-day contest. Before it was not, no wind gauge was present. Had they had finally slipped out the last of these three great world records, it would not have been accepted because no evidence would have been available to show that this great broad jumper did not have the advantage of excessive wind.

A successful meet is usually guided by a knowledgeable announcer. At Franklin Field, it was simply frustrating. My the poor guy also planned down 44. He got all his information from his morning newspaper.

My previous criticism of the Boston Patriots of the 1980s. This Patriots club with a 600,000 circulation had sent their top man to report it in detail. They left it important enough to have him telephone Patriots' times during the course of the Sunday events. The last call lasted a full half hour. I spent all Sunday evening attempting to convince him that this was not a typically conducted big meet in this country. I'm not at all sure I succeeded.

This nation is still at the top among track and field powers. That solid position has slipped a bit, to be sure. Ratage has learned much from us. They have taken from us three of our greatest possessions—and in a seven-week period. First, it was the Baltimore Colts, who broke Baker Johnson's decade record. Then the Yale, Dartmouth, and Dartmouth-Grove's decade record, and then the Greenman, Lauer, invaded our strongest field, the high hurdles, and captured the record itself easily by Jack Patterson and Campbell.

Ratage has learned from us the secrets of our success. The only thing left to be learned from them is how to efficiently stage a big meet.

DICK BINKA

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sinc

Although I am not an enthusiastic track and field man, I must say that with Tex Maule's article on one side and the

television screen on the other I thoroughly enjoyed the U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. track and field competition held July 18-19 in Philadelphia.

My article outlined your comments in detail, including stretch runs, and I found myself very familiar with the names of the athletes.

ALAN H. TAYLOR

Massachusetts

BASEBALL: STRIKE ONE

Sinc

Fourth race, as a baseball lover, to say the players and authorities of the good game have disappointed themselves by permitting two All-Star Games to be played this year. It is no longer the game of games but a money-making proposition that could not be passed up because of the financial potential of Los Angeles.

It probably makes little difference, but the TV promoters have lost one customer.

WILLIAM C. THAYER

Spokane

BASEBALL: ME AND HERE

Sinc

One might get the idea, from recent information in your magazine's *Baseball's Week*, July 8, that the Baltimore Orioles are a "Money House" ball club which belongs in a Class D league rather than in third place in the American League. We do not condemn the Orioles as money men who are going to park up and get out of the pennant race, as you suggest. Nor do we condemn Carl Yastrzemski for cluttering up the first division. However, they have been out of the first division only one day in the last three months.

MICHAEL GOODMAN

Baltimore

Baltimore. After all, it's partly due to our Baltimore club that the pennant race this year is so full of suspense and excitement. It's also an accomplishment in itself for a team not outstanding in pitching, hitting or fielding to remain in the first division and give all impressions of remaining there for the duration of the season.

VINCE PANDORFANO

Miss Mary Crocker

Baltimore

BOXING: THE LOVER AND THE CRAMPION

Sinc

The Johnson victory over Patterson was not the best thing that could happen to the fight game, contrary to the belief of Reader R. Levin (1988 *Boxing*, July 29). The best thing that could happen to the fight game would be the extermination of rats like Frankie Corbo.

As for Floyd Patterson, I think he is a

snail to the boxing world. He was defeated and absolutely lost and looked defeated like a real man and probably would not be getting up and going down in the ring. He didn't "stepped" the belt. Mr. Patterson is still a gentleman though an ex-champion; come September he'll be the first heavyweight to regain the title and again be the First Gentleman in Boxing.

As for Ignatius Johnson, terrible and a tremendous winner, he and Patterson are the only two champions—well, a losing isn't time of money.

Thank you for the usual best in fight coverage.

ROBERT A. BROWN

Oakland, Calif.

Sinc

I cannot enjoy your usually good magazine until you devote from your hysterical analysis of Ignatius.

It is true that he got in a lucky shot, but from there on he performed adequately.

On the other hand, Patterson, although badly hurt, put up as valiant a fight as his ever been seen. But of this aspect of the bout your reporter apparently saw nothing.

WYNN HANCOCK HANSEN

Charlotte, N.C.

THAT THIRD LEAGUE: THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

Sinc

I agree 100% with Pat Suzuki (1988 *Boxing*, July 11) on expanding the two leagues into eastern and western divisions rather than having a dubious third league. How could they ever have a successful World Series with a third league playing in the way?

GARY ROBERT

Riverside, N.J.

Sinc

That third major league is going to look sort of funny without major league ballplayers.

JAMES RASKEY

Redlands, Calif.

Sinc

This talk of forming a third major league comes out to take no pot in hand. How often can we see? Japan only has Third major league, as we will have a round-robin All-Star Game or World Series?

Some other more popular countries such as St. Paul, Dallas, Toronto, etc. deserve to be in on this greatest of summer pastimes, but let's do it in a manner which will strengthen baseball, not weaken it.

JOHN COOPER

London, Ont.

work and

Out here where we race horses in the daylight, a backward thing to do in these times, our fans usually prevent variety entertainment in front of the grandstand each evening. In 1934 the Bethany people booked an outfit that staged a number of animal acts, among them a race between cottiches hooked to hand-carried joy carts. Somehow Micky fell afoul of the animal-act man and a discussion ensued as to the comparative speeds of cottiches and hopped pascas. From this point things fell into a natural groove, and a match was made between one of the birds and Micky's 11-year-old Johnny Spencer, p. 207.

An agreement was reached on a distance of a furlong from a walk-up start of about 100 yards. The cottich man came off second-best in the matter of post position, although this was his fault as he maintained that his bird was somewhat full shy and wanted the middle of the race track.

This race was, for the most part, contested in the moonlight. What transpired on the upper turn above the $\frac{1}{2}$ pole is known only to the contesting drivers and the editors of somewhat ambiguous vision who was assigned to the starting chores. They finally have late view in the moonlit stretch. The cottich changed position at every stride, but old Johnny was on the pole and pearing as if the ghosts of all his ancestors were right at his tail.

Some ground was lost by the cottich as he pursued his evasive course, caused by being worried about his hinder parts with a rolled-up newspaper, which his driver swung with all the dash of a race-map reader.

As a goal, the newspaper was ineffective—Johnny lost away the heat by maybe a couple of lengths. Time not recorded. However, several horsemen, well known to this writer as having trouble reading 24-point headlines at the distance of a foot, claim to have caught the eighth in 11 seconds. This is, of course, unofficial. Moreover, it is unreliable, as the $\frac{1}{2}$ pole was a small stick wired upright to a post inside the rail and very hard to find even in daylight.

The cottich proved difficult to pull up after his skin; the driver finally running him on his knees was later surely determined into a fence on the outside of the track near the turn into the backstretch. The bird became entangled in the fence, where, amid a great flapping of wings, he accosted his blood and kicked his driver several times at various points of that worthy's person.

Mr. Ellis and Johnny, being gentlemen of good will and helpfully disposed, drove around to the point of the bird's discomfiture where, despite his nine years or so of exposure to all the sights and vicissitudes of county-fair race tracks, the horse took fire from the cottich's whistling and staged one of his own. He roared, came down facing his driver, broke a shaft out of a perfectly good bike and subsided in a tangle of harness that had to be cut away to free him. There was no money at stake, so Mr. Ellis came out with a love on bike and harness, more than his pacer won all summer.

Well, that's racing—country style.
WALT S. GRANTHAM
Kansas City, Mo.

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Pat on the Back



GERTRUDE EDERLE

'I'm one of them'

On a tug towing nautically in the English Channel reporters kept up their sagging spirits by singing *Yee-Ha! Hoo-Ah! Hoo-Ah!* as they fought waves in the face of a gathering storm. In the choppy, white-capped water a 19-year-old girl stroked steadily toward the invisible English coast, ignoring her father's pleas to give up. Truly Ederle, the daughter of a New York butcher, had waded into the Channel was of Cape Gris-Nez at 7:00 a.m., and she had no intention of giving up until she reached England to become the first woman to swim the Channel. At 9:00 p.m.—14 hours and 31 minutes later—Truly surfaced ashore at Kingsdown, Kent, another

had forced her to swim an estimated 55 miles to cross the 21-mile-wide Channel, yet Truly had bettered the time of the five men who had swum the distance.

Truly was welcomed home by Mayor Jimmy Walker, given a tumultuous ticker-tape reception and toured the country a national heroine. But the long hours in the Channel had affected her hearing, and by 1940 Gertrude Ederle was totally deaf. Undiscouraged, she has used both her talents and handicap to the best possible advantage: Truly teaches swimming to the children of New York's Lexington School for the Deaf. "They feel I'm one of them," she explains, "and they trust me."

A Westerner Looks at the Beaverkill

In the heat of summer, a visitor recalls his spiritual pilgrimage to a great river

by **RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN**

ONE comes to it as a pilgrim to a shrine, a sacred, shining place, made so by the deeds of the great and passing feet of many generations. And it is just that.

There is sense and no sense in picking Opening Day for the pilgrimage. The noble hills are brown except for scattered conifers; the hardwood trees are brown and leafless and last year's leaf fall is brown under them where it is not whitened by the passing snow flurries. The air is cold, the water is colder still and the trout lie quiet in the deep pools, when they are not down in the still deeper pools of the East Branch. It is an unlikely time for good trout fishing.

Yet it is the gathering time for pilgrims old and new, and the time of all times for a new pilgrim to learn the devotion that the little river inspires and to sense its traditions. For the Beaverkill, with Neversink, Battenkill, Willowemoc and a few others, is surely the naming water of American fly-fishing.

On Friday night, with the frost right in the ground outside, the bar at Doug Bury's Antrim Lodge was crowded with fishermen greeting each other for the first time in six months or a year. It was too cold, they agreed, too early, and there were far too many people around. "Fishing tomorrow, Jim?" "Now. Just go out and look it over." "Fishing tomorrow, Frank?" "Drive up and down a bit, maybe, talk to a few guys. Might put up a rod." Never have so many fishermen driven so far to protest their intention of not fishing. Yet I knew just how they felt. Tomorrow was Opening Day. There would be

few lines that did not touch river water, however briefly, and those would mostly be spares.

Bill Naden of the Brooklyn Fly Fishers Club arrived in good time next morning, and he and Ed Kern showed me the river—downstream first, from the Junction Pool at the mouth of the Willowemoc clear to the East Branch of the Delaware. Many miles of beautiful water on a big, bold stream, nearly all of it readily accessible from the road. On Opening Day, little more than a hundred miles from Manhattan, I had supposed it would be crowded with fishermen. True, they crowded a few favored spots, lined both banks five or 10 feet apart at the Junction Pool and at a slash rock pool by a bridge; but there were miles of water where a man would have found no more competition than on any British Columbia stream within easy reach of a paved road. And fly-fishermen, may the Lord sharpen their hooks and guide their wrists, seemed as numerous as aspens.

SHADES OF THE PAST

We drove back, stopping now and then to watch and talk and unwork a bottle, and came to the upper stream above the Willowemoc junction. The shades and living spirits of the great were now with us, their names on our lips: Hewitt with 14-foot leaders, La Branche with nine-foot or less—"That's why he doesn't catch any fish," said the shade of Hewitt, careless of fact, Spense Grey Hackle, who will take many more fish from the river on 18 and 20 flies; gentle Jack Atherton who, unhappily, will not. And Theodore Gordon: "For at least a hundred years," he wrote over 50 years ago, "the Valley of the Beaverkill has been celebrated for its beauty and the river for its trout."

Gordon could well write the same words today if he were living. Clear

continued



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THE BEAVERKILL and Grand

and cold and lovely, the upper stream sparkles down in cascades and runs and trout-loved pools from its spring-fed source in Balsam Lake. We saw fishermen lined again close by Ogden Pleasner's covered bridge. We saw miles of posted water broken by shorter stretches of free water. I thought of Gordon again: "I fear that in a few years very little water will be free to the public... for real sport, give us free water, where the trout are critical, hard to please and highly valued when caught." Gordon believed that to take large fish when they were shy was the acme of sport.

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We set our lines in the posted waters, working down the Brooklyn Club's Home Pool, through Twin Rocks and on to the lip of the dam, where we swung big streamers back and forth in the foaming overflow, while a brief blizzard hid even the nearest bank from sight. We turned back dollars to the big fire in the clubhouse, but tradition had been served and well served, and we were happy as men can be.

Western eyes and a western heart could not ask for more than this. It has all been going on for a very long time. The fathers of the sons and the grandfathers of the grandsons fished here an earlier opening days, grew up with the clubs or on the free water. Halford and Skues and Purness, Walton and Cotton and Belmar made spiritual pilgrimage across the ocean to the Beaverkill. Gordon, Hewitt, LaBranche, Atherton, the Darboes, the Dettos and many others caught the spirit, interpreted it anew, sent it out across the vast continent. Today it reaches the many millions who seek respite and reward in the fly streams from Atlantic to Pacific, from Mexico to the Arctic Ocean.

I would go again to the Beaverkill when the rhododendrons have opened their buds on the slope above the Home Pool, when the trees are in full leaf and the air hazy with warmth and life and the river is low. I would hope for a hatch and a few great trout rising steadily here and there, "critical and hard to please." But if there were none, it could scarcely matter. The river would be there and its banks—and all about me the shadow of great fly-fishers. They would know I searched faithfully, and in an honorable tradition. END

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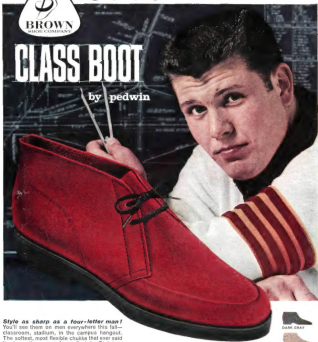
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